

THE
Deceiver Deceived:
A
COMEDY,

As 'tis now ACTED by
His MAJESTY's Servants,
AT THE
THEATRE in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

LONDON,

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Temple-Bar. 1698.

T O

Sir ROBERT MARSHAM,

Knight and Barronet.

WHat shall I say, or how excuse my Boldness, in venturing to make so mean a present, and without permission too; I am full of fears, tho hitherto I have still run the same risque, and always found my Friends so good both to forgive and accept my worthless trifles: Nay even her Royal Highness shew'd such a benign Condescension, as not only to pardon my ambitious daring, but also Incouraged my Pen, why then shou'd I fright my self with the apprehension of your Frowns and Anger, when at the same time I know you to be the most Generous and best tempered Man in the World.

I look upon those that endeavour'd to discountenance this Play as Enemys to me, not that, and had the Play been never so good they wou'd have shew'd their Teeth: Yet sure, if you be so Noble to protect it, their good manners (that is, if they understand any) tho their spite remains will make 'em cease to Cavil at the Work, when such a worthy name Adorns the Frontispiece. I must not trouble you with the little Malice of my Foe, nor is his Name fit to be mentioned in a Paper address'd to Sir *Robert Marsham*, he has Printed so great a falshood, it deserves no Answer; yet give me leave **without** being thought Impertinent or Prolix, to say I now am pleas'd and treated by those who please every Spectator with a Candour and Sweetness not to be exprest.

If I follow'd my inclinations, I shou'd now proceed to recite

Epistle Dedicatory:

Those Vertues which all the happy World that have the Honour to know you daily see, but that I am sure would be the way to offend, for you scarce hate Vice more than to hear of your Merits, therefore I shall only add, as you are Happy in your Lady, Happy in your Children, which are Lovely and Hopeful as an Indulgent Parents wish can form; Happy in Fortune, Capacious like your Soul; Happy in your Friends, who love you even to Fondness: That Heaven may continue all these Blessings many succeeding Years, is the earnest and daily wish of,

S I R,

Your most Humble

and most Obedient Servant.

MARTIN.

PRO.

PROLOGUE, spoken by Mr. Better.

Deceiv'd Deceiver, and Impostor cheated!
An Audience and the Devil too defeated!
All trick and cheat! Pshaw, 'tis the Devil and all,
I'll warr'nt ye we shall now have Cups and Ball;
No, Gallants, we those tricks don't understand;
'Tis t'other House best shows the slight of hand:
Hey Jingo, Sirs, what's this! their Comedy?
Presto be gone, 'tis now our Farce you see.
By neat conveyance you have seen and know it
They can transform an Actor to a Poet.
With empty Dishes they'll set out a Treat,
Whole Seas of Broth, but a small Isle of Meat:
With Powderle-Pimp of Dance, Machine and Song,
They'll spin-ye out short Nonsense four hours long:
With Fountains, Groves, Bombast and airy Fancies
Larded with Cynthia's, little Loves and Dances:
Which put together, makes it hard to say,
If Poet, Painter, or Fidler made the Play.
But hold, my business lies another way.
Not to bespeak your praise by kind persuasions,
But to desire the favour of your patience.

Our Case is thus:

Our Authoress, like true Women, shew'd her Play
 To some, who, like true Wits, stole't half away.
 We've Fee'd no Council yet, tho some advise us
 T' indite the Plagiaries at Apollo's Sizes?
 But ah, how they'd out face a Damsel civil:
 Who've impudence enough to out face the Devil:
 Besides, shou'd they be cast by prosecution,
 'Tis now too late to think of restitution;
 And faith, I hear, that some do shrewdly opine
 They Trade with other Muses than the nine.

I name no names, but you may easily guess,
 They that can cheat the Devil can cheat the Flesh.
 Therefore to you kind Sirs, as to the Laws
 Of Justice she submits her self and Cause,
 For to whom else shou'd a wrong'd Poet sue,
 There's no appeal to any Court but you.

A Dialogue in the fourth Act, between Mr. Bowman and Mrs. Braccigirdle: The words by Mr. Dursley and set by Mr. Eccles.

He. **W**hen will Stella kind and tendre
Recompense Fidele amour,

You min heart have made me rendre,
If yours come not in retour
Blank despair I can't defendre
No, no, no, I can't defendre
Grief must kill tout les jours

She. How can Damon love another
Who believes himself so fine,
He may talk and keep a pother.
But to change can ne'er incline
So much Charm must slight all other
Ay, ay, ay, must slight all other,
He believes himself so fine.

He. Then adieu false Esperanza,
Tout le plaisir de beau jours
Stella's heart keeps at a distance,
And disdains le cher effort,
She mon Ame will ne'er advance,
No, no, no, will ne'er advance
Cruel death then prend mon cor.

She. You a Beau and talk of dying
'Tis a Cheat I'll ne'er believe,
You've such life in self enjoying
Death's a word you can't forgive
Go, improve deceit and lying
Ay, ay, ay, but name not dying,
That's a Cheat I'll ne'er believe.

CHORUS

He. When will you prove me to know
The truth of a passionate P'au.

She. How shall I prove you to know
The truth of a flashy Town-Beau.

He. By the groans and the tears of the wretch.

She. By his Paint, and his Powder and Parch.

He. By his Mouth, and his very good Teeth.

She. By his Sighs, and his very bad Breath.

He. By his Eyes, and the air of his Face.

She. When he ogles and looks like an Ass.

He. Morbleu macher each part my truth will show.

She. Mon fou, mon fou I never can think so.

He. Morbleu, &c. She. Mon fou, &c.

A DIA-

*A Dialogue in the fifth Act, between a Boy and a Girl, and
an Old Man. Written by Mr. Motteux; set to the Mu-
sic by Mr. J. Eccles.*

Enter Girl.

Girl. **W**Hv do I sigh and tremble so ?
Why does my Colour come and go,
When here young *Strephon* is ?
Is this to Love ? how shall I know ?
When he wou'd kiſs me, I ſay, No, no, no, no, no.
But yet I let him kiſs.

II.

I wiſh the pretty youth to ſee,
And yet I fear near him to be ;
He pains yet pleaſes ſo.
Shall I reſuſe, or elſe deny ?
I fear I hardly ſhall ſay, Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.
Were none but he to know.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Oh ! how d'ye do, Miſs ? I hope I don't ſcare you :
It ſeems I've no Pleaſure, but when I am near you.
I don't know what ails me, but when you appear,
I feel ſomething ſo pretty that tickles me here.
Girl. Oh ! Dear ! ſo do I : Well, I'm glad you are come ;
Yet I ſtart, and I bluſh, when you enter the Room,
Juſt like our Maid, when ſhe meets with your Groom.
Boy. Let's do as they do ; ſeem ſhy, and I'll kiſs.
Girl. Oh ! Law ! what would Mother ſay ſhould I do this !
Boy. Huſh, Fool ! you muſt, like her, ſay nothing, yet kiſs.
Girl. Nay, don't you, be quiet ! Grand-Father is by.
Don't, let me alone — ſee ! My head's all awry.
Boy. I'll buſs you.
Girl. I'll ſcratch you.
Boy. I care not a pin.
Girl. Nay, now the Folks ſee you.
Boy. Then let us go in.
Both. Then let us go in.

Enter Old Man.

Old Man. Why, Sirrah ! Why H'us' wife ! how dare you do this ?
I'll get a good Rod, I'll teach you to kiſs.
Boy. Is there any harm in't
Girl. Oh, pray do not Scold.
Boy. We're not ſo much too Young as you be too Old.
Old Man. Stay till you be Married.
Boy. Pray Marry us then.
Girl. They ſay when we're Married we're Women and Men.
Old Man. 'Tis time you ſhould wed, if already you long.
We're quickly too old, but we're never too young.

All Three.

'Tis Time you ſhould Wed, if already you long ;
We're quickly too Old, but we're never too Young.

(*Exit*)

Persons Represented.

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|---|
| Mr. Betterton, | Melito Bondi, | A Senator of <i>Venice</i> , who Counterfeits blindness to avoid being President of <i>Dalmatia</i> . |
| Mr. Arnold, | Gonsalvo, | Another Senator. |
| Mr. Hodgeson, | Count Andrea, | Gallant to <i>Melito Bondi's</i> Wife. |
| Mr. Verbruggen, | Fidelio, | A noble <i>Venetian</i> decay'd in his Fortunes. |
| Mr. Bowman, | Count Insalls, | A Rich Merchants Son of <i>France</i> , pretending to <i>Ariana</i> . |
| Mr. Boven, | Gervatio, | Steward to <i>Melito Bondi</i> . |
| Mr. Trufuse, | Actwell, | A Cunning Fellow. |
| Mr. Knap, | Heardouble, and | Two Informers. |
| Mr. Watfson, | Strechwell. | |

Boy, and Attendants.



W O M E N.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| Mrs. Barry, | Olivia, | <i>Bondi's</i> Wife. |
| Mrs. Bracegirdle, | <i>Ariana</i> , | His Daughter. |
| Mrs. Lee, | Lady Tempt youth, | |
| Mrs. Prince, | Lucinda, | One she brings up. |
| Mrs. | Silvia, | <i>Oliva's</i> Woman. |
| Mrs. | Beatrice, | <i>Ariana's</i> Woman. |
| Mrs. | Tislevell, | <i>Lucinda's</i> Woman. |

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Seignior Melito Bondi, led by a Boy.**Bondi.* Lead me to my Chair, then send *Gervatio* hither.*Boy.* Yes, my Lord.*(Exit Boy.)**Bondi.* This Morning I've out-risen the Sun, to scourge that Dog whose curst Contrivance brought the Mischiefs which destroy my Sleep: Oh! here he comes, the Coast is clear, and I'll secure it so.*Enter Gervatio.**Gerv.* Good morrow to your Lordship; what does your Lordship mean?*Bondi.* What did you mean, Rascal, to make me mad, horn mad, with this counterfeiting Blindness? but I can see your Plots, you Pander, and you shall feel my Rage.*(Caves him.)**Gerv.* Thus faithful service ever is rewarded; Will ye but hear me?*Bondi.* No, I've seen too much; you'll make me deaf next, I suppose, sirrah, and then set the World upon abusing me that way, Villain.*Gerv.* Hold and hear what I can urge, or I'll raise all the House, and lay the Imposture open.*Bondi.* Well, I will hold, not out of any kindness, but that I'm out of breath.*Gerv.* If I am not reveng'd on ye, ye old Don, I'll be hang'd.*(Aside.)**Bondi.* Well, what have you to say, Sir?*Gerv.* Look ye, my Lord, in the first place I'll go close to the Door, and if your Lordship offers to move or stir your Cane, I'll fly out, and this minute proclaim in *Venice*, that —*Bondi.* Hold, I am quiet.*Gerv.* Then how have you the face to use me thus? Am I not privy to all your Extortions and Briberies? Have I not carried the tempting Surges that corrupted Knaves, and excused your self from greater? Have you not swain a taxing power, tho' for the good of the Commonweal, was worse than a luxurious Tyrant, who thought of nothing but his Pleasures? Nay more, if the *Grand Seignior* would let you enjoy your Wealth, you had as live have him for your Head as his Holiness.*Bondi.* Well, good *Gervatio*, thou dost know my Failings, but 'tis the ill consequence of this blindness puts me in all these passions.*Gerv.* Does not your Conscience (but I have forgot, you have none, else it would) fly in your Face, for abusing me on that account? Did not you, when the old President of *Dalmatia* died, come to me, Oh! dear *Gervatio*, I'm undone! my tarn is next to that chargeable Post, I shall lavish all the Wealth my whole Life has been scraping together! Then you coaxed me, Thou art ingenious, think some way I may be mist, and I'll make thy Fortunes.*Bondi.* Nay, this is true.*B**Gerv.*

Gerv. Is it so? I almost lost my Eyes in reality in poring over old musty Statutes; there I found nothing but some natural Incapacity could exempt the rich Nobles in their turns: Accordingly I advis'd you to counterfeit Blindness; you did it; succeeded, *Martino Cornaro* is chose in your place, and I am cudgel'd for my pains.

(*Bowing.*)

Bond. Ah *Gervatio*, thou hast told the Sweets and Profits of the story, but left the bitter sting out. Whilst the Duke and Senate believed my Blindness, and I escaped that hateful Office, my Wife and Daughter do so too at home, my Wife with ogling Eyes just at my Nose, views her Gallant, and the young Gipsie lets that Bankrupt's Son, Count *Fidelio*, steal her Hand: This makes me mad, and wish I were blind indeed.

Gerv. For this I also provide a Remedy: You know by my care the Ladies are almost alwaies with you else; I watch 'em, let 'em look on, squeeze Hands, they'll scarce venture to make you a Cuckold or a Grandfather. Beside, my Diligence goes farther; this day the Girdle of St. *Sylvester* comes your tutelar Saint, for you will have a Saint too, tho' to my knowledge all your Religion lies in filling your Bags. But, as I said before, to day the wonderful Girlie comes, and will get credit, for I dare swear you see immediately after the operation.

Bond. Well, thou art a Wag; come, take care of my Wife and Daughter till I dare own I perceive 'em again, and I'll make amends for my Blows; faith *Gervatio* 'twas hard last night to see a Man kiss my Wife half an hour together before my Face, and when I call'd, the Baggage would take off her Lips and cry, *How do'st my Dear?* Then my Daughter, you know, I design for my Lord *Insult*, Son to the rich French Merchant Monsieur *Opulant*, who by his Industry has purchas'd three *Jack Pudding* French *Beaux* Estates.

Gerv. For a Son that as like a *Jack Pudding* Beau will spend it, to my knowledge.

(*Aside.*)

One knocks.

Bond. Here, here, to my Chair, quick, quick, open the Door.

Enter Seigneur Gonsalvo.

Gonsal. A happy Morning to my Lord.

Bond. *Gonsalvo's* Voice, I think; *Gervatio*, conduct me to salute him.

Gons. By no means, my Lord, your condition excuses Ceremony, at all times needless; the Duke commends him to you, he with much pains has got a famous Oculist.

Bond. The Devil he has.

(*Aside.*)

Gerv. Now I thank thee Fortune, thou hast revenged me.

(*Aside.*)

Gons. Unwilling to lose the Advice of such a Pillar of the State, has took true pains for an experienc'd Man.

Bond. I am much beholden to his Princely Care; but, my Lord, I look on this Affliction sent from Heaven as a Judgment, and hope by Penitence to obtain from thence a Remedy: You must know, my Lord, I beyond measure coveted the President of *Dalmatia's* place, nothing but that would suffice my Ambition; nay, Heaven forgive me, I often wish'd his death.

Gerv. Oh, mercy upon me, was there ever such a Dissembler!

(*Aside.*)

Bond. Now mark the end: Just as the old President died this Darkness fell upon me;

me ; I have no Hopes in human Aid, but my own dear *St. Silvester* methoughts, in a Dream, exprefs'd, his sacred Girdle might do me good.

Gonf. The Dream is not to be neglected, nor the Duke's Goodwill to regain the loss of precious sight, both may be try'd, i'th' Afternoon I'll wait upon you with the famous man, in the mean time I am your Lordship's servant.

(*Exit Gonfervo.*)

Bond. So *Gervatio*, what think you of your project now ? I shall have a pragmatical fellow poke my Eyes out indeed.

Gerv. Fear nothing, my Lord, I'll do well enough with him. If I don't fit you Seignior for your drubbing, you shall call me *John a Styles.* (*Aside.*)

Bond. *Gervatio*, lead me into the green Room, and see if my Wife and Daughter are up, send 'em to me.

Gerv. It shall be done, my Lord.

Bond. Oh this damn'd Oculist, *Gervatio* !

Gerv. Pho, pho, I'll banter him out of his senses.

Bond. Give me thy Hand, lest any of the Family should see us.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene draws, Ariana dressing, and Beatrice.

Aria. Ha' done trifling, I'm well enough.

Beatr. You are indeed charmingly pretty, Madam.

Aria. How nauseous 'tis, and yet how natural 'tis to have our Women flatter us. Well *Beatrice*, here's a wonderful alteration since my Father's Blindness, I can put on a new suit every day, and my Jewels, laid up only for the Festival of *St. Mark*, may be worn now without a chiding.

Beatr. These are great privileges, Madam, yet 'tis a sad thing to think how suddenly my Lord was struck blind.

Aria. I swear so it is ; but then remember, *Beatrice*, how he forbad Count *Fidelio* to think on me, tho' his Father was of Birth noble as mine, despis'd that Dross my Father makes his God, and left his Son only a liberal Education and innate Courage, which appears unknown to most of our *Venetians*.

Beatr. My Lord dares not deny him the House, because he is of the ancient Nobility, and he has been an hour walking in the Garden, waiting your coming down, and then, I suppose, gives my Lord the good morrow.

Aria. Well, 'tis a mischievous Rogue, he has so many Tricks before my Father, yet can't I forbear joyning, nor scarce keep the Laugh in.

Beatr. Confess Madam, are you really sorry at the Darkness has overtaken your Father ?

Aria. Why truly, *Beatrice*, I always say my Prayers for his Eyes restoration the last thing I do, that is, just when I am falling asleep.

(*Enter Silvia.*)

Silv. Madam, my Lady sent me to tell you, your Father expects you with her presently.

Aria. I'll wait upon her, *Silvia*.

(*Exit Silvia.*)

That Mother-in-law of mine is a hopeful young Gentlewoman too ; she takes Opportunity by the Forelock, and makes all the haste she conveniently can to give my

old Dad Horns instead of Eyes : Am not I a wicked Jade to wink at this ? Why, I don't know, if I should betray her, she'd serve me the same sauce ; besides, my Father married the young Creature the perfect *Venetian* way, only for her Portion, never saw one-another beforehand : I can't but think what a fright she was in, to behold an old Man with a grizled Beard instead of a brisk young fellow. Well, I hope Heaven makes Allowances for such a case, and my Guilt won't be great for guessing at it.

Beatr. Your Ladiship considers what may befall your self another day, Madam.

Aria. God forbid Wench, I hope to marry my dear *Fidelio*, and that Woman that takes a Man for Love deserves to be disgrac'd here, and damn'd hereafter, if but her Inclinations wayer, and she in Thought abuses him.

Beatr. Ay, but Madam, if your Father's choice, my Lord *Insuls* should be forc'd upon you.

Aria. Hang him, perisum'd Poltoon, I hate him worse than a Nunnery, where they wear Hair Smocks.

Beatr. He comes this Afternoon to make his second visit ; my Lady *Temptyouth* says he's a fine Gentleman.

Aria. He is indeed fit for her use : Well, 'tis a strange thing a Lady of her quality should give her self the trouble, now she has pass'd the beaten Road of Wickedness her self, to draw others in. My Mother has a good Friend of her ; I know my Father hates her, but his dear Interest prevails, she helps him to the purchase of many a Prodigal's Estate.

Beatr. Madam, you forget my Lady stays.

Enter Donna Olivia.

Aria. She's here.

Oliv. How does my pretty Daughter to day ? But why do I ask ? you look fresh and fair as the new-blown Rose.

Aria. When your Ladiship consults your Glass you'll find a brighter, Madam.

Oliv. Fie upon you for a little Flatterer, what your Mother !

Aria. 'Tis true, the Law calls you my Mother, but the World must be blind as my Father, if they did not take us for Sisters.

Oliv. Well, your Father's Blindness is a dreadful thing, *Ariana* ; why, he'll never suffer as to be out of the Room.

Aria. There is no Conveniency but has its Inconveniency, Madam.

Oliv. That's true ; come, we must to him.

Exeunt.

Scene draws, and discovers Bondi in a Chair.

Bond. I have a fine melancholy Life on't, thank my Stars ; but should I discover my self before this arch Rogue has brought matters about, I must be the laughing-stock of *Venice*, besides paying a swindling Fine for deceiving the Duke and Senate in putting off the Government. ——— Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

Bond. Are not the Women ready ?

Boy. My Lord, they are entring.

Enter Olivia and Ariana.

Arian.

Arian. Your Blessing, Sir:

Bond. Formality, I believe you mind your topping more than my Blessings, or Heavens either.

Oliv. How are your Eyes, my Lord?

Bond. Not clear enough to see into your Heart, my Lady.

Oliv. Still angry!

Arian. Truly I hope purging my Father's Choler does him good, else surely he would never practice it so often, but that he finds benefit by it.

Bond. Baggage!

Arian. Nay, I am out of the reach of your Cane, Sir; come, I would fain say something to divert ye, the Spleen is very hurtful to your Eyes.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lady *Temptyouth* is coming up.

Bond. That everlasting Tattler, I would retire and shun the noise, only my being here perhaps may in part hinder your luscious Imagination from being tickled with all the Intrigues of the City.

Enter Lady Temptyouth.

La. Tem. Good morrow, my Lord; good morrow my sweet Buds of Beauty.

Bond. Pray, my Lady *Temptyouth*, don't put my Wife in amongst your Buds of Beauty; if she is not five and twenty, she ought to appear like fifty, that's fittest for her, and would please me best.

La. Tem. Lord, you're so captious: Well, I swear your Wife looks very handsome, 'tis for your sake she dresses, 'tis to look amiable in your Eyes.

Bond. Ay, now you've hit it.

La. Tem. Pox on him, I had forgot his blindness. (*Aside*)

I mean, she us'd to do; now, poor Lady, she's like any Slattern. Here's my little *Ariana* appears as she had not look'd in a Glass to day.

Aria. Bare two hours I assure you, Madam.

Bond. Well said Pride, I have a good mind to have all the Glasses in the House broke; no, fold I meant.

(*Pausing.*)

Aria. My Lord, my Actions never disobey you, pray allow me a little freedom in speech.

Bond. She that's so free of her Tongue, commonly is as free —

La. Tem. Oh hold, my Lord, an immodest word, nay, any hint, tho' never so darkly, tending that way, drives me out of the Room.

Bond. Your Ladiship has then a quick apprehension.

La. Tem. Yes, I vow, my Lord, at a *Play*, when no Woman of Quality else has found out a beastly wrapt-up thing, I han't show'd my Face in a quarter of an hour.

Bond. Oh wondrous modesty!

La. Tem. My Lord, Count *Dresswell* has a Bank Note of Five hundred pound, he can't stay till the Bank pays, and would part with it for two hundred and fifty ready Money; will your Lordship meddle with it?

Bond. Let him send it to *Gervatio*, and he shall have his Money.

La. Tem. I am always studying for your good; Lord, your Lady stands like any Statue, I beg your pardon, I must rouse her: My Dear, Count *Andrea* dies for you;
I swear

I swear he was in such a condition, I could not forbear bringing this Letter from him. But may your Daughter be trusted? *(Takes her a one side.)*

Oliv. With my Life, or what's dearer, my Honour.

La. Tem. Well, I swear he talks so passionately of ye, says such warm extravagant things, he sets my old Blood a glowing like dying Coals blow'd by a strong pair of Bellows.

Bond. What's this long whisper, my Lady?

La. Tem. Only a Receipt for your Eyes, my Lord.

Bond. Then why may not I hear it?

La. Tem. There's something so nauseous 'twill set you against using it. Read your Letter, Child.

Bond. What paper is't that rustles?

La. Tem. Why, the Receipt, Simpleton: This man is so mistrustful. Well, but Child, I can't let this precious Receipt go out of my Hands for a thousand Worlds.

Chr. I beg your pardon, Madam, then I'll copy it; nothing shall be neglected by me that will help my Lord. A Pen and Ink there.

Bond. A Letter from her Gallant, and she's a going to answer it; Hell and Furies! I can't bear it, nor can have remedy. *(Aside) storming.*

La. Tem. Heavens! what's the matter?

Bond. My Eyes smart intolerably.

La. Tem. Fretting, fretting; Lord, you must be patient. Madam, I beg you'd be as quick as you can, for I'm in haste.

Oliv. Your Ladyship sees I'm about it.

Bond. Ah the Devil, and I see it too, and be hang'd to ye. *(Aside.)* When you have done, *Gervasio* shall read it to me.

Oliv. *Gervasio* is my mortal Enemy, what shall I do now, Madam? *(Aside.)*

La. Tem. Pho, pho, write a scrip of paper good for the sight, put in *Eye-bright*, *White-Rose-water*, and whatever comes in your Head.

Bond. Here's mighty Consultation about this damn'd Receipt.

La. Tem. I tell you, my Lord, if you fret thus you'll never see again.

Bond. No matter, wou'd I could see what I wish.

La. Tem. What's that?

Bond. The conflagration fall upon the Women first, and leave the Men by themselves an Age longer.

La. Tem. Then they would be the nastiest, most helpless Creatures; ha, ha, ha.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Count *Fidelio* to wait upon your Honour.

Bond. Count *Fiddlestick*; Why did you not say I was busie?

La. Tem. Well, I vow, my Lord, if you are thus froppish, all your Friends will forsake ye, a dark Room will be fittest for you.

Bond. Friendship, there's no such thing, Nature laid the Groundwork of Enmity in every Mortal; indeed in some 'tis spiced over with Dissimulation; I hate this man, and yet must speak him fair.

La. Tem. Why do ye hate him?

Bond. That's a Secret.

Acta.

Aria. Which I can guess at.

(*Aside.*

Enter Fidelio.

Now my turn's a coming.

Fid. Your Lordship's humble Servant; how does your Lordship to day?

Bond. Well in health, my Mind is like my Sight, oppressed.

Fid. I am sorry for it.

Oliv. Madam, there's your Receipt with Thanks.

La. Tem. I wish it may do him good.

Bond. Yes, yes, I shall feel good on't, methinks my Horns are sprouting already.

(*Aside.*

Aria. Madam, can't you engage my Father in a little Discourse, whilst I talk with ———

(*Aside to Lady Tempt youth.*

La. Tem. That young handsome fellow, thou art a Rogue; I'll do't, I warrant ye. Well, you say you'll have the Bank Bill, my Lord.

Bond. I told you so once already.

La. Tem. Lord, you are so short one can't speak to ye, tho'tis for your own good: I believe Count *Dressuel's* Estate too, you may make a good hole in't if you will.

All this while Count Fid. courts, kneels, and talks to Ariana.

Bond. His *Villa* is very pretty, upon that he may have what Money he pleases. Damnation!

(*Bondi sees 'em.*

La. Tem. What's the matter with the man? I swear you made me start, why you turn your Head about as if your Eyes were of use.

Bond. I shall be discover'd strait, was ever punishment like mine? (*Aside.*

Oliv. You are very uneasie, my Lord, can I do any thing for you?

Bond. Yes, make me worse, I seldom ever knew a Wife bring Quiet or Content to her Husband.

Oliv. This is my usage ever.

La. Tem. I wonder you are not ashamed, for a surly Devil; see, pish, you can't see how the poor Lady weeps.

Oliv. Ay, he is blind, and I believe he designs to make me cry my Eyes out to be like him.

Bond. Oh the Devil! at this very minute she can scarce hold laughing. (*Aside*) You are very merry Daughter.

Ariana claps her Fan on Fidelio's Shoulder.

Aria. I only drop'd my Fan, Sir.

Bond. My Lord *Fidelio*, how went the Votes in the Senate yesterday concerning the new Levies?

La. Tem. *Fidelio*! why he is gone, my Lord, he only gave you the good morrow, and passed through the Room.

Aria. That's well enough, I'll swear.

Bond. This is abominable, but I must endure it.

Aria. Thou art a dear Angel; but, my Lady, could not you contrive to get my Father away? this Gentleman hath earnest business with me. (*Aside to L. Tempr.*

La. Tem. Well, well, I'll try at that too; but which way? Gad, I've got a Bottle of Orange-water in my Pocket, I'll make the old fool believe 'tis something good for the Eyes, 'twill do him no hurt, only make 'em smart a little, that perhaps will induce him to lye down.

(*Aside.*

My.

My Lord, can you forgive me when I own I am the greatest Beast in the World ?

Bond. I always thought you so. (*Aside*) What's the matter, Madam ?

La. Tem. Here's a Bottle of precious Water, given me by the Dutchess, to be applied at all times, and I quite forgot it, I swear ; I have such a respect for you, that at every place I am picking up something.

Bond. Yes, Gallants for my Wife.

(*Aside*)

Madam, I'll have none of your old Womens Medicines.

La. Tem. By your leave, my Lord, but you shall, I know the goodness on't.

Bond. I tell you I will not.

Oliv. Pray, my Lord, be rul'd.

Bond. True Wife, tho' she cares not if I was deaf as well as blind, yet be sure to be for any thing I am against.

La. Tem. Come, come, don't tell me, I swear you shall wash your Eyes with it.

Bond. I swear I won't.

La. Tem. By Heavens you shall, now I've sworn again, I'll see who'll be master.

Bond. A Pox take ye ; Oh the confounded pain ! Boy, here lead me to my Couch ; I must e'en send *Gervatio* to watch 'em, that Woman will be the death of me. (*Aside*) *Exit lead.*

He struggles in the Chair, and she sings the Bottle of Water in his Face.

La. Tem. Ha, ha, ha. So Ladies, what do ye think of me now ?

Oliv. Oh, you are the best of Women.

Aria. Heavens ! yonder's *Gervatio* a coming, he is our mortal Foe, my Father has sent him, he had as good have staid himself.

La. Tem. Let me alone, I'll send him away, I'll lay a Wager.

Aria. Fidilio, step behind the Skreen, whilst my Lady tries her Power, he'll tell my Father you are with us.

Fid. I will, Madam ; dear Lady *Tempt youth*, if thou canst effect this, I'll have thy Statue made in Brasse.

La. Tem. Brazen-face ! could you think of no other Metal ? go, be gone.

Enter Gervatio.

Your Servant, good Don *Gervatio*, you are come luckily to receive my Instructions, you must immediately carry to my Lord *Dresswell* Two hundred and fifty pounds, and take his Bank Note for Five hundred.

Gerv. Your pardon, Madam, my Lord sent me to stay here.

La. Tem. And your pardon too, Sir ; I am sure your Lord would not lose such a Bargain ; and he must have the Money presently, or he'll sell it to some-body else.

Oliv. Indeed I heard your Master say he would have it.

Gerv. He's a Prodigal, and may give me something out on't : here's no Men, what should I stay for ? (*Aside.*) Well, I'll carry it presently.

La. Tem. Presently, nay, you must go now, this very Instant, now.

(*Thrusting him out.*)

Gerv. What, does your Ladyship intend to ravish me ?

La. Tem. When I thrust thee from me, Fool. Come, good *Gervatio*, make haste, because I undertook my Lord's business, and I love to go through stich with any thing I meddle with : Be speedy, come, I may do ye a Kindness another day.

Gerv. I must be gone, there's no disputing with her.

Exit Gerv.

La. Tem.

La. Tem. Appear absconding Knight, appear.

Fid. Be gad, my Lady *Tempryouth*, you have charm'd me so, you shall have a Kiss with as much Ardour as if you were but sixteen.

La. Tem. O sweet young Gentleman, Heavens bless him! You are happy, Madam: Come, I must do more for you yet, Time's precious; my Lady *Olivia Bondi*, let you and I go into the Garden, and consult about that Receipt.

Oliv. You'll find what I have done in it is to your satisfaction. Daughter, your Servant, I'll keep your Father from sending for you as long as I can.

Aria. Madam, I am yours and my Lady *Tempryouth*'s most humble.

Fid. I am her Slave.

La. Tem. Well, you are a couple of dear Kittens, bless you both.

(Exit with *Olivia*.)

Aria. My Lord, you have talk'd of Flames and Fires, and Darts, and the Devil and all, but how shall I be convinc'd 'tis not the Hundred thousand pound I am like to be worth kindles these Fires and Passions?

Fid. Why faith, Madam, this way; let's marry without your Father's Consent; and he'll turn us out of doors, then I'll beg for ye, fight for ye, starve for ye, dye for ye.

Aria. Thou art an honest Lad, but I don't like starving, 'twill be apt to take away all your Appetites, and you won't care for me.

Fid. Oh no, my Love to thee is implanted in my Soul, and were my youthful Arms reduced to very Bones with the worn Skeleton, I should hug thee to my Heart, as my chiefest Blessing and divinest Treasure.

Aria. 'Tis pretty to hear a young fellow one loves talk thus, but this wont do, Love and Plenty crown the circling Year with Pleasure, but where either's wanting, Content scarce ever appears. Is it impossible to get *Gervasio* to our party? He is cunning, and can rule my Father.

Fid. I'll try; but, Oh! ———

Aria. You want a Bribe; come, be not alham'd of your poverty, since your noble Father wasted his Fortunes in being always in Arms for the defence of his Country against our common Enemy the *Turks*, the ungrateful Senate ought to have took you to their care; but since neglected, accept of this without a blush.

(Gives a Purse.)

Fid. Bound by innumerable Charms, by Obligations unaccountable, when I cease to love thee, may Heaven and all my Peace of Mind forsake me.

Aria. Try *Gervasio*, tell him that I'll for ever be his Friend.

Fid. Madam, I will with joy, and urge whatever eager love can to my Soul suggest.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatr. Madam, my Master raves for you like one mad.

Aria. Then I must go.

Fid. My Lord *Insulls*, that Rival; but why name I him? I know your noble Soul despises him.

Aria. Rest in that secure, I loath the man, my Father's power shall force my Death sooner than Consent: farewell.

Fid. 'Tis Death to part, tho' but for a moment ; Is there a time, is there that white day in Fate when I shall call thee Wife ? let others scoff, think the Matrimonial Bonds uneasy, term it

A Hell, a Pit, an endless painful Snare,
The Heaven I covet is to wed my Fair.

Exeunt severally.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. *Scene changes.*

Enter Olivia and Lady Tempt youth.

Oliv. **W**ELL, your Importunity and the Count's has prevail'd, I'll vow I blush to think on't, through a back-door into the Garden, the flout that my Husband sleeps, a young Gentleman ; faith, Madam, 'tis very scandalous.

La. Tem. Fiddle faddle, scandalous ! if you have the Pleasure, much good may do the World with the Scandal.

Oliv. You'll stay with me, Madam.

La. Tem. Yes, yes, Madam ; I left my poor Girl at home not well on purpose to come.

Oliv. What kin is that young Lady to you, Madam ?

La. Tem. Her Mother was my Friend, to tell ye the truth, she is a Bastard, I have bred up several, and help'd 'em all to good Husbands, or Gallants, which is better.

Oliv. A charitable Lady you are. Hark ! I hear a noise ; 'tis he, I swear I shall blush to death.

La. Tem. I never heard of any-body dy'd of that Disease ; here's the man, look what a well-built person 'tis.

Enter Count. Andrea.

And. Ladies, your Servant.

Oliv. Did you come in unobserv'd, my Lord ?

And. Yes, Madam ; but I've had a little misfortune, I've broke the Key in the Door, and know not how I shall get out again.

La. Tem. Here's a Fool now is taking care to get out before he is well in, mind your business, I'll get ye out, I warrant ye.

And. Pardon me, Madam, 'tis my dear *Olivia's* Honour I am careful of ; for my self, I'd wade ten thousand Dangers only to touch this beautious Hand.

La. Tem. Why that's well said, kiss it now, or else you do nothing.

And. A thousand and a thousand times.

La. Tem. Well, I'll in, and watch the old man's motions.

Oliv.

Oliv. You won't leave me, Madam.

La. Tem. Indeed but I will, I cannot stay a moment longer.

Exit Lady Tempt youth.

And. Shall we waste the time in talk, *Olivia*? Need I tell thee how much I love thee? Wast thou not torn from my longing Arms by an inhuman Father, and given to the wither'd ones of richer *Bondi*? Yet tho' I am denied whole Draughts of Love, I'll snatch the precious Cordial when the blest minute gives it, and devour it eagerly.

(Embracing her.)

Oliv. Away, my Lord, think whose I am, think of my sacred Vow, I dare not break it.

And. Your Vows first were made to me, no matter whose you are, this hour is mine, and shall be spent in richest Love, Love that has so well reveng'd my Cause, and as your cruel Lord snatch'd her from these fond Eyes, so Fate has now depriv'd him of his own, he only cannot view your unequal Charms, which dart on every wishing gazer Joy.

Oliv. If Judgments do hang upon my wretched Lord, shall I by Falshood wound deeper than his Fate?

And. Who e'er cries out of pain they neither feel nor apprehend? Think *Olivia*, my *Olivia*, for I will please my self, and call thee mine; think the vast Charity, the mighty Kindness, that saves my Life, and hurts not *Bondi*.

Oliv. The Man is mad, to bid a Woman think; no, talking Deluder, when we think we never yield. Now I have thought on the fatal consequence, and resolved from this minute to grow wise; that I have took the opportunity of my Husband's blindness, and seen you often, was due to your injurious Wrongs; for witness those Stars that smiled not on our plighted Faiths, I ever found you constant, and I lov'd you for it.

And. Oh sweet Confession! and if you love me, will you not bless me too? the *Argus* Eyes of Jealousie are useless, the watchful Dragon that should guard the golden Fruit now sleeps for ever.

Oliv. But Angel, Honour is still awake, that secures my beating Heart, yet I will fly the charming sounds that are familiar there, but do not follow me, I charge ye, do not, lest ye meet the everlasting Anger of my Eyes.

Exit.

And. Not follow thee, when my Veins are all on fire! yes,
Thro' every Path of this delightful Grove;
Till my warm Sighs her Honour shall remove,
And fill her panting Breast with yielding Love.

} *Exit.*

Scene changes to the inside of the House.

Enter Gervatio, a Servant to him.

Serv. Scignior *Gonsalvo* sends word, the Oculist is sick, and cannot come till to-morrow.

Gerv. Hum, ——— then my Revenge is lost, for the Girdle comes before that time.

time. Did not I see *Actwell* cross the Court just now into the Kitchen?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Gerv. Call him to me.

Exit Serv.

That fellow that plays tricks for his Victuals, perhaps, for a Pistole, may do my business; my Lord knows him not.

Enter Actwell and Servant.

Leave us.

(To the Servant)

Exit Servant.

Actw. What's to be done now? What am I sent for to Master Steward?

[Aside.]

Gerv. Actwell, my Lord, was to have a famous Oculist come to day, and he just sent word, he cannot; 'twill put my Lord so damnably out of humour, there will be no enduring it; cannot you pretend to be the Oculist, get a Launcet, look into his Eyes, talk Nonsense, make him believe you'll do Wonders, but when it comes to the upshot, I'll enter, and prevent your touching him? You must say you came from the Duke and *Gonsalvo*; I'll give thee a Pistole.

Actw. I thank you, Sir, I am daily obliged here, I believe I could do it well enough, only I don't understand those damn'd cramp words those Quacks have.

Gerv. O say any thing; half an hour hence come to the Wardrobe, I'll give you an old-fashion'd Cloak, that you may look like an experienc'd man full of Years.

Actw. I will, Sir; the Film, the Tenders, the Devil, I'll look into a Book of Anatomy, and get some terms from thence; I will be sure to wait upon you, Sir. This was happy for poor *Actwell*.

Exit.

Gerv. To fright him, is that all for such an intolerable caring? Gad, if the Devil was not wanting in a Temptation, I could do him a greater Mischief.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Your Servant, Don *Gervatio*.

Gerv. Sir, my Lord's asleep.

Fid. 'Tis you, not your Lord; I am come to ——— but e're I tell my Suit, receive this Purse, a young Lady's present.

(Gives the Purse.)

Gerv. You banter me.

Fid. Indeed I don't *Gervatio*, you can see, tho' *Melito Bondi*'s blind and might have seen, I live but for *Ariana*'s sake, the kind Maid meets my Flames, and generously returns 'em; my wretched Fortune hinders me from following the way my Love proposes, taking her my only Blessing from her Father; 'tis in your power, *Gervatio*, to assist us in making up, if but a moderate fortune, you can persuade, decoy, do any thing with the old man,

Gerv. The Temptation I wish'd for is come.

(Aside)

My Lord, your Offers are made in a happy time, for I was just designing to wait on the young Lady, and proffer her my Service.

Fid. Are you real?

Gerv. By all that's good I am, my Master has beat me into a right understanding.

Fid.

Fid. What shall we do with this Lord *Insuls*, *Gervatio*?

Gerv. Why, as he's made of Cork, we'll set him a floating, and return him to the rest of the mercurial Gentlemen in his own Country. Well, my Lord, leave your Affairs to me, and if I don't bring *Ariana* to your Arms, and more Bags than three Men can carry, my Ears shall be at your mercy.

Fid. Well, thou art a dear Rogue, and shall command my Fortunes.

Gerv. My Master rings; trust to me, and be happy.

Fid. Your Servant.

Gerv. Yours.

Exeunt severally.

Scene draws, and discovers Bondi a rousing from a Couch, a Boy with him.

Bond. Where's my Wife and Daughter?

Enter Lady Temptyouth and Ariana.

La. Tem. Here, here, my Lord. Well, I believe your Wife is the best of Women, we three have been all at work in the outer Room, and I'll swear poor *Olivia* look'd in upon you twenty times, she is so fond, for all you are a naughty man, and use her so barbarously.

Aria. Well said *Temptyouth*.

(Aside.

Bond. Here's a Tale of a Tub indeed, where is she now?

La. Tem. I fancy gone to take a turn in the Garden.

Bond. Boy, go call her.

La. Tem. What's the Boy a Fool? 'Tis not convenient for him to go, he shan't go.

Bond. Heyday! my Lady *Temptyouth*, are you to order every thing in my House?

La. Tem. I will order things when Decency requires; look, to end Disputes, here the good Lady comes.

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. I heard the Bell had rung, and hasten'd to my Dear.

Bond. My Devil.

Oliv. Such Answer would make a Woman mad.

La. Tem. You have got a pure colour, *Olivia*.

(Aside to Olivia.

Oliv. Pho, walking apace.

But, my Lady, how shall I get him out, there's no opening that Door, and the other way lies through this Room?

La. Tem. Why, what's he afraid on, isn't my Lord blind, where is the Fool?

Oliv. Speak softly, walking at the Door.

La. Tem. Let me come by; Who have we here? my French Taylor has follow'd me hither about the Girl's Stays; Oh the Impudence of these Country-men! Monsieur, go to my House agen, I'll come home presently.

Count Andrea passes over the Stage, and kisses Olivia's Hand.

Andr. Pardon a moy, Madam.

La. Tem. Pardon a moy kether, rude Erute ! I'm sure I am not like most Quality, I owe him nothing.

Bond. Count Andrea, my Wife's first Love ! Oh, the Garden, the Devil ! curst, curst *Gervatio*.

La. Tem. What mean these starts of Passion ? do you want *Gervatio* ?

Bond. I want a Halter.

La. Tem. Wou'd you had one then, you're cross enough to deserve it.

Bond. Some-body, I'm sure, does.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord *Insuls* is just arriv'd.

Bond. Let me desire all this Company, except my Daughter, to retire, I've made up the business with my Lord's Father, there wants nothing but a Visit or two, which formality requires : Come, Mrs. *Crooked-rib*, will you walk into the next Room ?

Oliv. I'm ready to wait on you.

Aria. Oh, my Lady *Temptyouth*, now my Plague's a coming. (Aside.)

La. Tem. Have Patience, Child, and I'll send *Fidelio* to thy aid.

Bond. D'ye hear, Mistress, receive this Lord as the man I have unalterably resolv'd shall be your Husband.

Aria. Yes, Sir.

Bond. Yes, Sir ; what a tone's that in ! I think you're but too well, an Estate, a Title, and an handsome fellow.

Aria. Pray add an empty Pate.

Bond. Goodlack, Mrs. *Flippant*, any other Woman would have leapt at him ; upon my Blessing use him as he deserves. Come, my Lady *Temptyouth*.

Exeunt all but Ariana.

Aria. As he deserves, that is to be cudgel'd. Now I had rather have the Visits of fifty Gossips from a drunken Christening, than the Plague of this Prince of Fops : Hang it, I'll bridle my Inclination, let him run on with his Vanity, then burst my Sides with laughing at him.

Enter my Lord Insuls, with several Attendants.

Inf. This is prodigiously opportune, by the Muses, to find your Ladiship alone, *Powderwell*, adjust my Garnature, I beg your Ladiships Pardon, that I do any thing of this kind before your Ladiship ; but there was an uncivil Wind, as I pass'd the great Court, has blown me into the very disabitee of the vile Mob.

Aria. I can't perceive an Error in your Lordships Dress.

Inf. Your Ladiships very humble Servant, by the Muses, I am all in confusion ; I beg your Ladiships Pardon

(takes out his Pocket-glass.)

For this freedom before you, but 'tis that I would not appear negligent in your Ladiships presence.

Aria.

Aria. What a nauseous Fool 'tis.
My Lord, methinks you're very well.

(*Aside*)

Inf. 'Tis your goodness, Madam, poison me if I don't look like a Carr-man; I look most abominably, by the Muses: Was your Ladiship never in *France*, Madam?

Aria. No, my Lord.

Inf. There a Man will keep his Chamber three days, if his Complexion is out of order; they are not arriv'd to that nicety of Perfection here.

Aria. 'Tis pitty your Lordship does not instruct our young Nobility.

Inf. I am not sparing of my Advice, Madam; some I find very tractable, there's my Lord *Dresswell* has consulted my Judgment in laying out above a brace of thousand pounds in Clothes, I believe the World, especially the Ladies, will own 'tis to his advantage.

Aria. Yes, and a good help towards spending his Estate, which, I'm inform'd, will be gone before he's five and twenty.

(*Aside.*)

None doubts your Lordships skill in those Affairs.

Inf. But of all the moving lumps of Earth, commend me to the English, those awkward Imitators, by the Muses, Madam, there's scarce one in ten understands the Dress, the Dancing, the Singing, those chief parts of a Man of Quality; the Duce take me if I was not afraid they had infected me, and when I return'd into *France*, liv'd a whole month retir'd, had all my Masters, practis'd every Coupee before I durst appear among the Ladies; yet, by the Muses, I know not how long I shunn'd my self; methought I had the Brutal Plague upon me. I beg your Ladiships Pardon for troubling you with a description of the dull Northern fellows.

Aria. Every thing your Lordship says is agreeable, I observe very pretty Allusion you have, by the Muses.

Inf. Does your Ladiship like it? Indeed I think it sounds better in the mouth of a Man of Quality than *Damn me*, *Rot me*, and such Porter-like Expressions.

Aria. Oh, better much, my Lord; I have a shrewd suspicion you that meation the Muses so often have a familiar acquaintance with 'em, and write.

Inf. I write like a man of Quality, to please my self.

Aria. I dare swear 'twill ne'er please any-body else.

(*Aside*)

Would not your Lordship oblige me with the sight of some entertaining Poetry?

Inf. By no means, I beg your Ladiship's Pardon, 'twill spoil Conversation, I can send your Ladiship several gilt Quires scribb'd over, if your Ladiship's a lover on't; most of what I write is Satyr upon ill dress'd fellows, and then, by the Muses, the nauseous Subject makes me so sick, I cannot forbear being spiteful too, and criticise upon what others write.

Aria. That's the fault of all great Wits, methinks their good Nature should balance their Judgment.

Inf. Good Nature, Madam, why that's only the civiler word for a Fool: If your Ladiship did but see in *France* how the poor Poets at a new Play sneak, and wou'd creep

creep into an Auger-hole ; when I come in, by the Muses, I have often wish'd my my self a Woman, that I might have gone in a Mask, and not frighten the little Dogs (that write for Bread) out of their Wits.

Aria. Does your Lordship never write Plays ?

Inf. Yes, often, but I could never get either of the Houses to play one.

Aria. What's the reason of that ?

Inf. Can't your Ladiship guess ?

Aria. No, I protest.

Inf. It will savour too much of Vanity to tell you.

Aria. Pray, my Lord, you have set me a longing.

Inf. I must run the risque of every thing, rather than deny a Lady : Then truly, Madam, I believe they think, and that wisely, should they once play a Play of mine no other would ever be receiv'd afterwards, and, you know, a man of Quality can't be their Drudge.

Aria. Very true, that is a substantial Reason.

Inf. But, Madam, I know not how you have betray'd me into these things, when I design'd to have employ'd my minutes much more agreeably, in telling your Ladiship, I adore you to an infinite degree.

Aria. His Courtship will be worse than all the rest of his Nonsense, Heaven send me a deliverance. *(Aside)*

My Lord, a person of your merit cannot value one so unpolish'd, Nature has neglected me, and I have neglected Art.

Inf. Oh fie, Madam, this is Blasphemy, they are both Rivals in your Perfections. But were it what you say, which I positively deny, by the Muses, when I have the Honour to call you mine, I say, if you did want Instructions, the rectitude of your Dress should be my care.

Aria. Rude Fool, I have no patience.

(Aside.)

Inf. Madam, you seem uneasy.

Aria. It's want of Breeding then.

Inf. Gad, I believe so too, for I never saw a Woman in my company so before. Madam, you I break your Fann.

(Aside.)

Aria. No matter, 'tis paid for.

I can act the dissembling part no longer.

(aside.)

Inf. She's strangely alter'd, jealous she can't keep me to her self, her Fancy's at work ; there's nothing out of order in my Wig sure.

(Pulls out his Glass.)

Enter Fidelio.

Aria. Oh *Fidelio*, do something, do any thing to that Animal, and let me be gone, for I am teased to death.

Exit Ariana.

Fid. Gad, I know not what to do but affront him ; flatter him I can't, 'tis not in my Nature.

Inf. Every Hair, I protest, is in as perfect Symmetry as my Features, as I was saying, Madam.

Fid. As I was going to say, Sir.

Inf. Sir,

Inf. Sir! hey, what rude Brute have we here? (*Aside.*)
 Friend, wou'd you speak with my Gentleman, or the Groom of my Chambers?
 there they stand both.

Fid. There let 'em be damn'd both; no, 'tis you, Essence and no Brains, I speak to; Shadow of a Man, vainer than Woman, emptier than the Plumes thou wear'st. Thou thing, dost thou pretend to court that Lady which went out just now?

Inf. If the Lady went away, I suppose she knew you better than I, and avoided so rough a fellow.

Fid. Insolent!

Inf. Something near my Name, tho' still without my Title.

Fid. Well, Sir.

Inf. Barbarous!

Fid. Did you not receive a Letter signed *Fidelio*, which told you my Birth was noble as the first *Venetians*, tho' my sunk Fortunes were now my Foe, yet *Aviana*, that all-generous Maid, through my dejected Poverty, smiled on my constant Love, and gave me Hopes. I beg'd ye to desist, else let you know, that my Life must first be had before the glorious Prize; read you not that Letter?

Inf. Something I do remember of such a Paper, but I saw it was a Man's Hand, and gave it my Valet to peruse, and asking him if there was any thing in it to divert me, he said, No; so I ne'er thought on't more.

Fid. Now you have heard the Contents, pray dismiss your numerous Attendants, and meet or go with me to the Field that lies behind the Lemon-Grove, where this Dispute shall instantly be ended.

Inf. What's the man mad? wou'd ye have me fight in this Wig?

Fid. Why not?

Inf. Oh Heavens! any thing towards a violent motion would raise such a Drest out on't, I shou'd be kill'd in a mist.

Fid. Pho, pho, we'll call at my Lodgings, and you shall put on one of mine.

Inf. Poison me if ever I heard the like, prithee where dost think I was bred? wear another man's Wig, when the best Barber in *Venice* knows, that after he has alter'd, amended, reform'd, and modell'd a new Wig for me half a Year, it is with much perswasion I try it.

Fid. Here's a deal of Nonsense, come, what a pox must we do then, for fight you I am resolv'd, or kick and post you thro' the Streets of *Venice*.

Inf. By the Muses, I know not what to say; in *France* I have a Campaign for the bloody purpose, 'tis so necessary, yet so becoming, several Marshals of *France* have been ready to pull me to pieces for it; there I have also fighting Shoes, fighting Gloves, fighting Sword, &c. and, in fine, can in a moment be equip'd *en Chevalier*: Travelling now like a Man of Quality, and to obtain my Mistress, I left my War-like Habilliments behind; if you'll have Patience, I'll send post for 'em.

Fid. Incurrible Fool! No, Sir, I give you but till to morrow to answer me, and that you may be sure not to forget the Affront, there's a Remembrance upon your Nose,

[*strikes him by the Nose*]

[*kicks him.*]

and another upon your backside.
 and a warm one for your Check.

[*gives him a box on the Ear.*]

D

Inf. Well,

Inf. Well Tarpaulin, Monster, half Fish half Man, I'll be reveng'd, I will Villain, there's those shall punish ye; hey my Attendants.

Exit Lord Insuls.

Fid. Now this fellow goes directly to my *Ariana's* Father; sure her Love will inspire me to counterplot one Rival-fool.

*By Force or Wit his Claim he shall decline;
If Heaven is just, the Virgin must be mine.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE draws.

Bondi sitting in a Chair.

Enter Ariana, near the Audience.

Arian. **H**Umph, my Father here already! I did not think he had been come in-
to this Room; he can't see me, and I will steal softly through, he
shan't hear me neither.

(Aside.)

(As she's about the middle of the Stage.)

Bond. Who's there?

Aria. What shall I do now? I'll counterfeit *Madge* the Dairy-maid's Voice, for
if he knows me, I shan't get from him the Lord knows when.

(Aside.)

(Speaks broad.)

'Tis I, my Lord, I did not think any of the Gentry had been come into this Par-
lour, so I went this way to serve my Pullein; life warrant life come no more here.

(Runs stamping off, Bondi throws his Cane after her.)

Bond. Oh, dissembling Baggage! Are all blind men served thus? Two such Wo-
men as my Wife and Daughter are enough to make twenty Men mad.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, some Company from the Duke, and with them the famous
Oculist Gonfalon spoke of.

Bond. So, now my greatest Misfortune is falling upon me. *(Aside.)*
Call my Family together, and go to *Gervasio*, bid him, as he values his Life, con-
sider what I said to him, and hasten to me.

(Exit Servant.)

The Imposture known, Boys will hoot me out of *Venice*; then, to have an un-
skilful

skilful Man put me to intolerable pain, perhaps real Blindness;
Oh! I shall go mad.

(Stamps)

Enter Olivia, Actwell dress'd like a Doctor, and several others.

I know not a Face of those, sure my Friends are afraid to come, the Operation is so dangerous.

(*Aside.*)

Oliv. How d'ye, my Dear, were you in a passion just now?

Bond. I found by Instinct you were near me, and that made me Horn mad.

Oliv. Humph, I am a Fool to speak to you at all.

Bond. You are a Fool, a gross one, because you dissemble poorly; but, blind as I am, I can see thro' it.

Oliv. What does he mean? he can't be jealous of Count *Andrea*, because he never saw him.

(*Aside.*)

Well, my Dear, I consider your Condition, and will bear with your peevish Humor. Here's some Gentlemen, and a famous Oculist, sent by the Duke, to look into your Eyes.

Bond. Peace, Screech-owl, I am in pain enough already.

Oliv. I hope he will give you ease, my Lord.

Sir, please to look into my Husband's Eyes.

Actw. Fear not, my Lord, putting your self into my Hands, shou'd I, or some of those Gentlemen that have travel'd with me, recount the Wonders I have done, you wou'd rejoyce at your good Fortune in meeting with me. There's the Emperor of *Germany's* Aunt, threescore and ten, was led about stone blind twenty Years; I came, and in a few weeks time made so perfect a Cure, that she has since work'd her Nephew a Point Cravat. I take out Specks where no body else can see 'em.

Bond. That will be my Case.

(*Aside.*)

Actw. Oh, the sweet Duke of *Tuscany*! what a Film did I clear his Eyes of! the Good of Mankind prevail'd with me, or else 'twas hard to get from him.

Bond. Mr. Doctor, I don't doubt your Skill, but I had rather wait the Will of Heaven for the restoring my Sight.

Actw. By your Leave, my Lord, I am Heaven's Instrument, and here's the Duke's Command to do my best for you. Gentlemen, draw near, and hold him in the Chair, while I look in his Eyes.

Bond. I shall be murder'd here.

(*Struggles.*)

Oliv. Pray, my Dear, be rul'd.

Bond. *Jezabel!*

Actw. Ay, ay, here it is, a huge Speck, just growing on the Ball of his Sight, the worst of black Catarachs, but I shall out with him: let's see, how is t'other Eye? Oh Lord, further gone! Well, you may bless your Stars that you met with me as you did, or else you had never seen in this World agen.

Bond. I am contented with my present condition, and desire to speak with the Duke before you meddle with me.

Actr. My Lord, your condition is a desperate condition, and the Duke shall see some of my Art before you speak with him.

[*Looking out his Instruments.*

Bond. Oh the Devil ! I shall be ruin'd, where's this Dog *Gervatio* ? (*Aside.*

Actr. When I have couched your Eyes, my Lord, you must lye upon your Back for six weeks, and be fed with nothing but a Feather.

Bond. Oh !

Enter Ariana and Fidelio.

Aria. Why you us'd him most inhumanly, I fear he'll complain to the old Gentleman. Heyday, what have we here, my Father in the hands of the *Philistins* ? Stay, don't you speak till some time after me. What's the matter, Sir ?

Bond. So, here's another of my Comforts, with her Beggar at her Tail. (*Aside.*) The matter ! here's a Fellow will mangle my Eyes whether I will or no.

Fid. Can I serve you, Sir ?

Bond. Yes, if you I beat that fellow.

Actr. How ! beat me, that have the Badges of all the Princes of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* ! Come, come, I find my Lord's mad ; pray, Gentlemen, help me to bind him in his Chair.

Bond. Murder, murder ! then, to tell you the truth, I am not blind.

Gervatio entering.

Gerv. Nay, then 'tis time for me to appear.

(*Aside.*

Bond. I tell you I am not blind.

Actr. Pho, pho, this is only his fear.

Oliv. Nothing else, you may assure your selves.

Aria. Well said, Mother, I think you may be pretty confident on't, for no man that cou'd have seen would have had Patience to have born what you have acted before his Face.

Gerv. Make way there, let me come at my dear-lov'd Master, the sacred Girdle of *St. Silvester*, brought by two holy Men, is just arriv'd ; a new unusual 'Light struck thro' the Hall, and I could see as if I had ten pair of Eyes, so light, so glorious was the place ; 'tis lodg'd i'th' Chappel, whither the Priests desire you all to repair, and invoke the power of the Saint.

Actr. A Pox of those Miracles ; d'ye hear, if your Saint does you no good, don't send for me, for, by *Belzebub*, I'll not come at ye.

Gerv. Rarely perform'd, I'll speak with ye by and by.

(*Aside.*

Exit Actwell.

Bond. Thy Hand, *Gervatio*, I tremble every Joynt of me ; thou art a Rogue, but I forgive thee. Come, Gentlewomen, tho' I believe your Prayers signifie but little.

Exeunt Bondi and Gervatio.

Aria. Madam, what think you of this miraculous Girdle ?

Oliv. I don't use to have a great Opinion of those things, but we shall see what Wonders this will do.

Fid.

Fid. I think the whole Story is all a Wonder.

Oliv. When your Father cry'd out, he was not blind, I was terribly frighted.

Aria. I believe you was, Madam.

Fid. I'll try to engage *Gervasio* farther in our Interest, then we shall know all.

Aria. Come, come, if we stay longer, I'm sure we shall be miss'd. *Exeunt.*

Scene changes to my Lady Temptoyouth's House, Lucinda at a Dressing-Table.

Enter Lady Temptoyouth.

La. Tem. How is it, my Blossom? Let me see, has not sitting up at the Ball last night spoil'd thy Complexion? No, not a bit: Oh, I could kiss thy pretty Eyes out.

Lucin. How can your Ladiship tell my Complexion is not spoil'd? I have got both my white and red on, Madam.

La. Tem. Oh, that's nothing. Chicken, there's a Vivacity strikes through, and thy pretty Eyes are as-sprightly, as if thou hadst drank *Nectar* this Morning. Come, what Conquests did you make last night? You know there lies my Pleasure, to hear of your Victories.

Lucin. There was my Lord *Dresswell* said a thousand foolish things to me.

La. Tem. Pho, hang him, he's going down the World, he's neither fit for Husband nor Cully; think not of him, I charge thee, *Lucinda*.

Lucin. I shall never think of any without your Ladiships directions.

La. Tem. That's my good Girl; well, but was there none else?

Lucin. Yes, there was the Duke's second Son, he only blush'd when he came near me, trembled when he touch'd my Hand, danc'd with such concern, that I thought he would have fallen.

La. Tem. Ha, ha, ha, the Fool's in love, I'll put him down in my Table-book, he may prove considerable.

Lucin. As for the rest, some swore they hated me, others I was not pretty; so thro' a Medley of Confusion every one endeavour'd to express their Admiration.

La. Tem. Thon art a dear, dear Charmer; well, I swear I love thee better than any of the little Creatures I ever brought up before.

Lucin. I thank my best Mother.

La. Tem. Nay, thy own Mother was a pure good Woman, only her barbarous Friends turn'd her out of Doors for having such a pretty Rogue as thee: I kept her, poor Lady, till she died.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lady *Olivio Bondi* sends to tell your Honour, That *St. Silvester's* wonderful Girdle has restor'd my Lord *Bondi's* Sight, for which, at present, they are paying their Devotions this Afternoon, the Duke's Musick, Balls, and all Diver-
tisements

tisements *Verice* will afford, fill my Lord *Bond's* House; the Ladies desire your Honour's company, and the fair *Lucinda's*.

La. Tem. We I wait upon them, our Service to the Ladies. (Exit Servant.)
 Poor *Olivia*, her cross Husband's seeing will be but bad for her and Count *Andrea*: Hang't, 'tis setting our Inventions a little more upon the stretch, and we shall out-wit him still. Ha! I have a Thought come into my Head for thy advantage, *Lucinda*. Here, *Tifflewell*, bring my Girl's best Head, and all her Jewels. Oh, *Lucinda*, if thou canst play one part to a Masterpiece, I don't doubt making thy Fortunes for ever.

Enter Tifflewell with the things.

Ab, *Tifflewell*! now show thy utmost Art, and make thy Mistress charming as an Angel.

Tiff. I warrant ye, Madam, such a piece of Youth and Beauty to work upon, and fine Clothes, let me alone to make an Angel of her.

La. Tem. If thou canst but humour it.

Lucin. Give me Instructions, Madam, I am not accounted backward.

La. Tem. No, no, thou'rt a dear forward Girl as Heart can wish; this would oblige our Friends, prove an everlasting Provision for your self, and ravish me with Joy.

Lucin. But yet you won't tell me what it is.

La. Tem. Dear *Tifflewell*, put another Jewel here.

Tiff. Pray your Honour let me have my own Fancy first.

La. Tem. *Lucinda* shall sing, and *Lucinda* shall dance, and if they two, both in perfection, won't charm him, the Devil's in't.

Lucin. Sing and dance, is that all? I have done that often enough to no purpose already.

La. Tem. Yes, yes, thou shalt do more than that, my dear Chicken, can't you put on a world of Affectation?

Lucin. With all the ease in the World: Alas, Madam, It was born with me, and I have as much ado in some measure to overcome it, as I have my Inclinations towards the eating green Fruit.

La. Tem. Affectation is a mighty Art, my Dear, and those pretty Eyes must be manag'd a thousand several ways, severe, languishant, ogling, darting their Beams, cast around, and if they chance to meet, a Lover's thrown with wondrous haste and modesty into your snowy Bosom.

Lucin. My Eyes, dear Mother, ever were at my Command, but never let Fools in them read my Heart: Thus I have look'd upon the man I scorn'd, thus on him I would not have believe my Love impossible, tho' hard, to gain; kind and coming Looks I seldom use, I'm not arriv'd at that Age yet.

La. Tem. Dear Girl, your Aptness prevents the Care I would have undergone in your Directions, but you must be very sure to rail, commend neither Man nor Woman, either in their Persons or Dress, except my Lord, to whom you are all the while addressing.

Lucin.

Lucin. I am glad 'tis a Lord, for I hate to take pains about a fellow that has no Title.

La. Tem. He has not only a Title, but an Estate, and every thing I cou'd wish for thee; Are you quite ready?

Lucin. Yes, Madam, do I look killing?

La. Tem. Like a Cherubim; come along.

Exeunt.

Enter Count Andrea and Olivia.

Andr. Oh my *Olivia*! *Bondi's* Sight restor'd deprives me ever of the Light of those dear Eyes: I ne'er believ'd those Miracles told by canting Priests, now Heaven, to punish my Incredulity, has sent one that robs me of all my Bliss, and nothing but the crowd, the noise of this wondrous Girdle brought, could have gain'd my Admittance now.

Oliv. My Lady *Temptyouth* is our Friend; beside, these warm Desires will soon grow cool, and then you will be glad of an Excuse.

Andr. Never, *Olivia*, never; my Youth, my Life, my Fortunes, all are dedicated to thee.

La. Tem. [within] I say, my Lord, you shall not press into your Ladies Chamber till she has word we are here.

Bond. [within] Sure this Woman intends to vex me stark mad.

Oliv. Oh Heavens, my Husband! what shall we do?

Andr. I'll get into the Closet.

Oliv. Alas, he has the Master-key.

Bond. [within] 'Tis but in vain, Heaven has restor'd my Eyes, and I will see what is done in my House.

Oliv. Good my Lord, under my Toylet, quick, quick.

Enter Lady Temptyouth, Bondi, and Lucinda.

La. Tem. And what wou'd you see now, your good Lady all alone, returning Heaven Thanks, I dare swear, for the wondrous Blessing you have receiv'd.

Bond. I'm sure I saw the glimpse of a Man follow her to her Chamber.

Oliv. A Man with me!

La. Tem. Pho, Child, 'tis Jealousie, he takes thy Shadow for a Man.

Bond. I'll look into this Closet, but not enter it, lest you juggle him from under your Petticoats.

[*Olivia makes signs to Lady Temptyouth, that he is under the Toylet.*]

La. Tem. Come, is your Maggot over? will you down into the Dining-room, hear the practice of Musick, and my *Lucinda* shall give you a Dance.

Bond. Dancing be damn'd, I'd as live see a *Monkey* leap from Tree to Tree.

La. Tem. Not even his Eyes agen will put this man into a good Humour. Well, I hope we have a noble Entertainment, according to the old Proverb, a *Miser's Feast* is always the best; will ye go down, or no?

Bond. No, I'll dine here.

La. Tem. Seem willing, madam, 'tis the only way to prevent him.

(*Aside.*
Oliv.

Oliv. With all my Heart, for I hate much Company : Here *Diego*, and your fellow, carry this Table to the Dressing-room-door, a-top of the back Stairs, there *Sylvia* can thrust it in, and bring the Side-board hither.

Enter Men, who carry off the Table, Lady Tempt youth going by the side.

La. Tem. Have a care you drop nothing.

Dieg. 'Tis plaguy heavy.

Bond. You are wondrous forward, perhaps I won't dine here when all is done.

Lucind. Heyday ! sure the old Gentleman does not know his own mind.

Bond. Goodlack, Mrs. *Perr*, are you settled in yours ?

Lucin. If I am not, my Lord, my Years excuse it.

Bond. One of your bringing up, my Lady *Tempt youth*, I suppose, because she is so brisk.

La. Tem. I'm not ashamed to own her ; yes, 'tis my dear Girl.

Serv. An't please your Honour, my Lord *Insults* desires to speak with you, on very earnest business.

Bond. I believe I may dare venture to go, for my Gipsie would never have been so-willing I should have din'd here, if the Coast had not been clear. (*Aside*)
Shew me where he is. (*Exit with the servant.*)

Oliv. So, he is gone, I hope the Count is safe.

La. Tem. Yes, yes, I saw him slip down the back-stairs as soon as ever the Men were out of sight.

Oliv. How do you do, pretty Lady, I scarce dare speak to you before my Husband, he's so peevish.

Lucin. Peevish, indeed I never saw such a cross old man in all my life.

Oliv. What would you do, my Dear, if your pretty Youth was confin'd to such an one.

Lucin. O, I'd quickly send him to Heaven in a String ; I'd have half a score Gallants ; Madam, if I did not tease him to that degree, that in a months time he went to sleep with his Fathers, hang me for a Fool.

Oliv. Thou art a Mad-cap.

La. Tem. Let us go down, for I have a Design upon that Lord *Insults*, which I'll tell you as we walk.

Oliv. I am ready to wait upon you.

Exeunt.

Scene Changes.

Enter Bondi and Lord Insults.

Bond. Was ever such Impudence, such Disobedience practis'd under one's own Roof ? Mercy on me ! what will this World come to ? A wanton Wife and an undutiful Daughter ! the Plagues of *Egypt* were meer Flea-bitings to them.

Inf. Nay,

Inf. Nay, I thought your Lordship was not privy to the Affront, because I knew your Lordship first propos'd the Match; indeed never man of Quality was so abused; I would have fought the fellow, but that I fear'd, by his Carriage, he was a Scoundrel, and would disgrace my Sword.

Bond. Oh, 'tis a vile Wretch, but I'll be so reveng'd on him. My Lord, if yet you think my Daughter worthy, the Ball just ended, a Priest shall make her yours for ever, tho' indeed she ought to expect your Scorn and Hatred.

Inf. My Education taught me never to bear Displeasure against the fair Ladies, I shall wait with much Impatience and Joy till you summon me to the fair one.

Bond. My Lord, I beg you would go to the Company, whilst I send for my Daughter, and give her a Lesson, for I fear she was at the bottom on't.

Call Ariana.

(To a Servant.

Inf. I will leave ye pray be not too severe upon the Lady, I have a great respect for her; but for that rude fellow, by the Muses, he deserves kicking and pumping.

Exit L. Infalls.

Enter Ariana.

Aria. Did you send for me, Sir?

Bond. Yes, Mrs. *Manybitters*, and none worse; how you are trick'd up! the Dancing, not your Father's Sight restor'd, is your Joy: Are not you a Cockatrice? dare you look me in the Face after what you have done?

Aria. Done, my Lord!

Bond. Yes done, Minx, you and your beggerly Bravo abuse a man of Quality, Fortune and Honour.

Aria. Has the Baby been to tell its Tale then?

Bond. D'ye make a Jest on't Hufwife? Hear what I say, and mark it: This night thou shalt be my Lord *Infalls* Wife, or else, by Heaven, I'll turn thee loose into the wide Streets of *Venice*, stript of all Means, all Comforts, there to get thy Bread amongst thy fellow-prostitutes, but never own thee for my Daughter more.

Aria. These are cruel sounds, they strike through my soul, and dead my sense. Oh, Sir, hear your only Child; you us'd to say you lov'd me, if I have lost that Blessing, let Compassion plead, heap on me all punishments, spare me but in this; let not my Youth be condemn'd to what I loath, to such a Fool, a Blockhead, Coward.

Bond. Rebellious Witch!

Aria. Consider, Sir, you force me on the Road to Hell, for my strong Aversion needs must lead me on to Murders, Adulteries, or such horrid Crimes that will surely plunge me there.

Bond. Let go, stand off, for as I have a Soul, this night you are married, or ten thousand real Mischiefs shall befall thee.

Exit Bond.

Aria. Mischief is already on me, lasting Mischief, fix'd for Life, a Husband whom I shall ever hate and all the World will still despise, all my cheerful hours are for ever fled, Fate has not one in store: Then let their Revels shake the House

E

with

with noise pleasure, fix'd on this wretched Earth, so stupified I'll grow, till I can work my melancholy Thought to fancy I'm a piece on't.

Enter Gervatio.

Gerv. What's here, my charming young Mistress on the Ground, she that us'd to enliven all the World, now, when there reigns a general Joy, sunk in Sorrow? Rise, dear Madam, rise.

Aria. Never.

(Lifts her up.)

Gerv. I'll try that; come Madam, what's the cause of this dejection? did I not receive from you a noble Present? Come, pray believe me yours, and tell me what's the matter.

Aria. If I durst trust thee, but 'tis no Secret; my Father has sworn I this night shall wed *Insults*.

Gerv. And you had rather have *Fidelio*.

Aria. Rather, oh, there is no comparison

Gerv. Smile then and you shall; but, udsfah, I'll do nothing without you are merry.

Aria. Were I rid of the fear of *Insults*, I could leap over the Moon.

Gerv. Let me see, does not this Lord *Insults* pretend to Poetry?

Aria. Most intolerably.

Gerv. And is he not vain upon it?

Aria. As all Wou'd-be-wits are.

Gerv. Then, dear madam, let your Troubles end, and be as brisk as your sweet natural Temper incites, I warrant your Lumber of a Lover safe enough from disturbing you when the Ball's done.

Aria. O that I could believe thee.

Gerv. You'll believe me when by my sole contrivance the Parson hath conjur'd you between a pair of sheets in *Fidelio's* Arms; ah! methinks I see you laid on the delicious Scene.

Aria. Go, you are a Talker: Then I am to know nothing of your plot.

Gerv. Not till you hear of the success to the Company, sweet madam. Yonder the Hall's as full as it can hold, the Musick's a thrumming, the Gallants are ogling, my Lady *Tempt youth* as busie as a Bee, there wants nothing but you to crown the Assembly.

Aria. I'm gone; remember, if you fail my Heart's broke.

Gerv. Let your Heart be as light as your Heels, and fear nothing, fair Lady.

Aria. Take this and be careful.

(Gives him Money, and exits.)

Gerv. I would not be old *Bond's* faithful Fool agen for the World, there's some delight a *Gusto* in serving these young generous souls: Well, Brains, if e'er you'd do me service, let it be now, help me to baulk this foolish Lord.

Fix soft *Ariana* where her Wishes tend,
So she secures a Lover, I a Friend.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

A C T. IV.

S C E N E a Hall.

Wherein is Bondi, Count Andrea, Lord Insulls, Fidelio, and several other Gentlemen ; Olivia, Ariana, Lady Tempt youth, Lucinda, with many other Ladies.

Bond. **C**ount Andrea is your Guest, I suppose.

(to Olivia.)

Oliv. My Lord !

La. Tem. No, he is my Guest, sure for the many Estates I have help'd you to for half the worth of 'em, you may allow me to bring one Friend.

Bond. Your Ladiship's alwaies my Friend, I thank you. Come, why don't this Dancing go on ? if your Heels wou'd wag, 'tis to be hoped you would be tir'd and ha' done once.

*SONGS, and a DANCE by Lucinda
and a French Beau.*

Inf. (to Lucinda) Heavens, Madam ! I have seen nothing so ravishly fine, nothing like it, by the Muses ; since I left *Versailles*, 'twou'd be impertinence to the highest degree to ask if your Ladiship was not bred in *France*.

Luc. Oh, the *Paradise* of the World bred there, my Lord : Yes, my Mother was so nice she had me nurs'd in *France* ; I warrant she would not a let me suck'd any other than French Milk for a Principality.

Inf. A witty Woman, by the Muses, and charmingly pretty : Then your Ladiship understands the French Freedom and Gallantry ? According to those Rules, pray Madam, number me amongst your humblest Servants.

Luc. With all my Heart, there's a Favour to distinguish you. (Gives a Ribbon.)

La. em. Well done, my *Lucinda*, she's at him, i'faith, my Maidenhead to an Eggshell he's her own.

(aside.)

To Oliv.) This is dull doings, Madam, I wish I could part the Company, send those Gravities to tope their Noses, and get our selves a little freedom.

Oliv. I wish you cou'd, Madam; poor *Ariana* has not spoke a word since she came into the Hall.

La. Tem. I'll try: Well, now I vote that the Gentlemen and Ladies that have danc'd retire into the drawing Room, and recruit with Sweetmeats and cool Wines, and the old Dons take up their Smoaking-room, and drink lusty *Coiaux*, *Bagrag*, and the warmest Wines my Lord *Melito Bondi's* Cellar affords.

Andr. Spoke like an Oracle.

Bond. Spoke like a Devil, putting all the young ones together; but this is the last day of her Reign, for I'll forbid her my House, tho' I lose Ten thousand Crowns a Year by it.

(*Aside.*)

An old Senator. I like the motion well, for, by my holy Dame, I am tir'd with seeing nothing but hip hop, hip hop.

La. Tem. Come, come, you as becomes you, your Age and Quality first.

(*Driving out the old Men.*)

(*Aside.*)

Bond. The Devil take thee.

In. Tem. Now pair all, and follow your Leader.

Inf. I'll let *Ariana* see I stomach the Affront.

To *Lucin.*) Madam, may I crave the honour of your Hand?

Luc. Yes Gallant, 'tis at your service.

(*Exeunt omnes but Fidelio and Ariana.*)

Aria. Did you see my Fool strut by with *Lucinda*? Now he is vain enough to fancy I will be jealous.

Fid. He is not worth a Thought.

Aria. Alas, you know not how formidable he is; my Father, with the dismal'st Threats that Man could utter, has sworn to marry me to him this very Evening, as soon as the Ball is over.

Fid. Hell and Furies! I'll cut his Throat immediately.

Aria. Hold, hold, *Gervasio* with much assurance promis'd me a deliverance, have a little patience, such desperate Attempts will ruine all.

Fid. Dost think I'll stand by and see thee lost?

Aria. Nor will I tamely yield; but now let's be calm, and the Company, methinks I have great Faith in *Gervasio's* Promises.

Fid. And I have Faith in thee; but, oh, if power should overcome madness, Despair and Death would seize me.

(*Lady Tempt youth peeping.*)

La. Tem. Where are you, Chickens? Come hither, or spight of me, the old man will rouze ye.

Aria. We come.

Exeunt.

Scene

*Scene changes.**Enter Gervatio, Stretchwell, and Heardouble.**Gerv.* Mr. *Stretchwell*, and Mr. *Heardouble*, you understand your business.*Stretch.* Ay sure, or else we spent our Lives to very little purpose.*Gerv.* Well, here I plant ye, and bring the Lord *Insulls*; if he owns he made the Libel call'd *The present state of Venice*, you know what you have to do.*Heard.* Yes, yes, truss him up for Treason.*Stretch.* Hurry him away to Prison without Bail or Mainprise.*Gerv.* Right, behind those Hangings conceal your selves, I'll bring him as soon as possible.*Stretch.* His business shall be done I'll warrant thee, old boy.*Gerv.* And you rewarded.*Exit Gervatio.**Heard.* Well, Brother, we are a great Prop to this State, *Venice* had long ago moulderd into its watry Foundation, if we Informers had not supported it from ten thousand Treasons.*Stretch.* Dost think think this Lord *Insulls* is guilty or not?*Heard.* What matter is't? he's rich, and we'll fleece him.*Stretch.* I hate a poor Dog, that pretends to be in a Plot.*Heard.* Impudent Varlets! when they han't Mony enough to pay their Fees, they'l undertake to turn Governments upside down.*Stretch.* Hark, I hear a noise, to our Posts.*(They abscond.)**Enter Lord Insulls and Gervatio.**Gerv.* My Lord, I humbly ask your pardon, for drawing your Honour from the bright Assembly, but I understand you are in a fair way to be Heir-apparent to all my old Master's Wealth: I have been a long and faithful Servant here, and may prevail with old *Bondi* to drop more Bags than he design'd.*Ins.* Honest *Gervatio*, thou art kind, but the young Lady uses me most scurvily, by the Muses, she must expect, whom I am her Husband, that in return of her scorn I treat her with Indifference.*Gerv.* She deserves it; good Heavens! slight such Worth as yours!*Ins.* Nay, by the Muses, *Gervatio*, without boasting, I may say, all the Courts in *Christendom* have admir'd my Person, Parts, and Dress.*Gerv.* Nodoubt, my Lord, your Lordship has such an Oath, sets my mouth all on Water, by the Muses: Oh, I had a devilish smatt'ring at 'em in my Youth, but hard Fate threw me upon Units, Tens, and the Gargon of Accounts, when I long'd to have been rhiming: I am sure your Honour writes, O that I could be so happy to peruse some of your incomparable lines.*Ins.* What I write is all light Satyr, if your Fancy's that way, I can send you Reams of cover'd Paper.*Gerv?*

Gerv. Is it so light Satyr, I'faith? ha, ha, ha, nay, then I smell a Rat indeed, they sed 'twas a Stranger did it.

Inf. What d'ye mean?

Gerv. As if you did not know, that exquisite, elaborate, most ingenious piece, call'd *The present state of Venice*, wherein the Satyr is so winning, so instructive, so reforming, as I may say, that the Duke is pleas'd with it to that degree, he has promis'd his fair Daughter's Picture set round with Diamonds, in a Gold Chain that goes fifteen times about the Neck, to the Man that will own himself the Author.

Inf. He, he, he, does that Trifle make such a noise? Alas, I have writ Five hundred better than that.

Gerv. Impossible, but we owe this to your Lordship, I'm sure.

Inf. Yes, the Lines are mine, but I care not to expose my Name, I want not the Duke's Present, *Gervatio*

Gerv. No, my Lord!

(Both the Informers run out, and clap two Pistols to his Head.)

Inf. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Stretch. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, make no noise nor resistance, if you do, one of these sends your Poetical Brains into the Air immediately.

Heard. Here's a Rogue for ye, Brother! he sed he had made Five thousand Libels on the Duke and Senate.

Stretch. Ay, ay, he shall have his Reward, a Halter instead of a Gold Chain.

Inf. Why Gentlemen, to tell you the truth, I did not write the Verses.

Stretch. Every Malefactor can deny his Crime.

Inf. Oh *Gervatio*! what's the meaning of all this?

Gerv. Heavens! my Lord, I am as much amaz'd as you, these fellows have betray'd me, they told me the Poetry was ador'd by the Duke and Senate, and I should have a swindging Reward if I could discover the Author; my business was always to get Money, my Lord, and I hoped to have done my self a Kindness and your Lordship an Honour.

Inf. Yes, you have honour'd me, I thank ye, put me in a fair way to be hang'd: Good Gentlemen, remove these horrid Instruments of Death a little further, they put my Partike quite out of the curl; and my Body in such violent sweats, I shan't be able to come near the Ladies agen this fortnight.

Heard. Oh, there's no Ladies where you are a going, come along.

Gerv. Fear not, my Lord, I'll get you Bail.

Stretch. How, going to whisper the Prisoner! here's another Fiddle will make ye dance farther off.

(Pulls out another Pistol.)

Gerv. O Lord, O Lord, I never could endure the Nose of *Belzebub* against my precious person.

Heard. Come, let's have him the back way, lest he alarm the Hoole. *(Runs off.)*

Stretch.

Stretch. Shall we put him in the Dungeon ?

Inf. Good Gentlemen, consider my Ball-clothes.

Stretch. Here's a Fellow taking care of his Clothes when his Life is in danger.

Heard. Well, Brother, according as his pockets are lined, he shall be used.

Stretch. Ay, ay, away with him.

Inf. Pray leave haling me, I'll go quietly.

Stretch. You'd best.

Exeunt.

Scene draws, and discovers Olivia, Lady Tempt youth, Ariana, Lucinda, Ladies ; Andrea, Fidelio, Gentlemen ; a Side-table, with Wine.

Aria. Madam, shan't we beg a Song of the charming *Lucinda* ?

La. Tem. Not till my Lord comes, I have told ye my design.

(Aside to Ariana.)

Aria. And I like it extreamly.

Enter Bondi, the old Senator, and a Priest.

Aria. Heavens ! look *Fidelio*, what's that stalks behind my Father, a Priest ?

Fid. The Devil it is.

Aria. I fear there's mischief's toward.

Bond. As the day has passed in Joy, so, I hope, 'twill have a joyful end, for I design before all these Witnesses to marry my Daughter, the young Lord *Insults* is the Bridegroom, his Father and I long ago concluded it, only my Infirmary deferred the matter.

Old Sen. Ay, let's have a Wedding, the thoughts on't makes my old Blood dance.

Andr. Rather the strong Wines work upon your weak Brain.

La. Tem. The Devil ! all my design's ruin'd, and poor *Ariana's* Heart broke : fiddle faddle, my Lord *Bondi*, this is nothing but thriftiness, now the Fragments of the days Revels must serve for the Wedding Supper ; no, no, old Gentleman, don't mistake your self, we'll have another Festival for dear *Ariana's* Marriage.

Bond. My Lady, you have a large rule in my Family, but in this Affair, upon my word, I'll be Master.

Fid. My Veins with kindling Rage are all on fire, what shall I do, my *Ariana* ? I'll meet and stab him as he enters.

Aria. Have a moments patience, he appears not yet.

Luc. What, must I lose my new Servant, Madam ?

(To Lady Tempt.)

La. Tem. So it seems, Child.

Luc. A welladay ! but hang't, while Fifteen has not overtaken me, I'll never spoil my Face with grieving.

Oliv.

Oliv. If I have any power, my Lord, I beg you would oblige your weeping Daughter, in delaying this unwelcome Match.

Bond. Rest assured you have no power with me, and all you say against it hastens my Resolves; use your Prayers and your Commands where you bestow your Charms, I am cold, as I have ever found your Love.

Oliv. This should be Jealousie, but what can give him Ground for a Suspicion?
(*Aside.*)

Enter Gervatio.

Gerv. O, where's my Lord?

Bond. Here; what's the matter?

Gerv. Oh, my Lord, the worst News, the saddest Accident! Oh! my Heart will break for the poor Gentleman.

Bond. What Gentleman? explain thy self.

Gerv. Gentleman did I say? no, no, not a Gentleman neither, 'tis a Lord.

Aria. My Heart bodes Comfort.

Bond. Torture me no longer, dear *Gervatio*.

Gerv. That hopeful Sprig, oh! I can't get it out, my Lord *Insults*.

Bond. What of him?

Gerv. Alas, the overflowings of his Wit has undone him: In short, my Lord, some base Trappanners, Informers, of which this State swarms, sent for him from this Company, and got out of him, that he made that cursed Libel, *The present state of Venice*, which has so exasperated the Duke and Senate, that they have resolved to hang the Author.

Bond. Hang him!

Gerv. Ay, hang him, Sir; my Bowels earn for the young Bud of Quality.

Bond. What a Devil had he to do with Poetry, that Leprosie of lazy Minds, that Weed of Nature? Had he not Estate and Title? must he covet the Begger's Entail, *Parnassus* Lands, and be damn'd to him? Plague consume all the shining Fops in *Christendom*.

Gerv. What, your worthy Son-in-law!

Bond. He makes me mad.

Fid. I could worship thee, *Gervatio*.

Bond. I must be rude, and desire the Company to break up, whilst I go and try my Interest to release this jingling Coxcomb.

The Gent. My Lord, we are all your humble Servants.

Gerv. You two go round, and you will find the back-door of the Garden open; when my Master's gone I'll call ye.

(*Aside to Andrea and Fidelity.*)

Andr. We'll be ready.

Bond. (*to the old Senator*) Come, Brother Senator, your company may be useful.

Exeunt all but Olivia, La. Tempt youth, Ariana, Lucinda, and Gervatio.

Gerv.

Gerv. So Ladies, how d'ye like my Contrivance? *Bondi* may stir, but the duce a bit will he get his Lordship released to night, and to morrow I have another Plot, which I hope makes my fair Mistress happy.

Aria. Thou art my better Angel.

La. Tem. But my *Ariana*, won't you give me leave to free my Lord, provided I take care he never troubles you with love again?

Aria. Ay, get him into the Bonds of Matrimony with *Lucinda*, and free him from his Prison as soon as you please.

Oliv. Methinks 'tis pity the pretty Creature should be condemn'd to such a Fop.

Lucin. Oh, a rich Fool was alwaies my desire, that I might show my Discretion in managing him and his Estate.

Oliv. Nay, if you are pleased I am.

La. Tem. Come Child, we have many Irons in the Fire, there's not a Senator but I have done a good turn for some time or other, and therefore I fear not succeeding.

Exeunt La. Temptyouth and Lucinda.

Lucin. Your Servant, Ladies.

Oliv. Yours.

Fidelio peeping.

Gerv. Come in Gentlemen, the old Enemy's gone.

Enter Count Andrea and Fidelio.

Fid. Let me embrace thee, thou Soul of Ingenuity and Goodness. *(To Gerv.)*

Oliv. Indeed *Gervatio* has proved just contrary to my Expectations; I hope as he has freed *Ariana*, if I crave his Friendship, I may obtain it; I am sure you know what moves my Lord to use me so intolerably, that I can never meet a civil Answer.

Gerv. I own I know the Cause, but dare not tell ye, lest it startle ye too much.

Oliv. No, *Gervatio*, prithee speak, for his brutal Carriage is past enduring.

Gerv. Then, Madam, my Master was never blind, pretended it, only to avoid the being President of *Dalmatia*; consider if you have urg'd him.

Ommes. Not blind!

Oliv. Then I am lost.

(Swoons.)

Andr. Look up, *Olivia*, Danger shall never reach thee whilst this Arm can wield a Sword.

Aria. Madam, your Apprehension is too timorous.

Fid. All here are your ready Friends.

Oliv. Oh, 'tis impossible, my Ruine is inevitable, the innocent Freedom I have given this young Lord, my Virgin Love, before my Husband *Bondi*, will be punisht with nothing less than Death, *Italy* produces no milder Vengeance for suspected Wives.

Andr. Harbour not a Thought so terrible ; rather than be punish'd guiltless, fly Venice with your faithful Slave ; to break forc'd Vows Heaven can never hold a Grime, my Life, and whatsoever I am Master of, is yours.

Oliv. Alas, how wild you talk ! five noble Brothers adorn my Family, who wou'd pursue my guilty Steps, and piecemeal on this wretched Body hew out my Honours Stains and their Revenge.

Gerv. Faith Invention pours on me like a Deluge, for your Protection and endless Favour, I'll undertake to bring ye both off.

Oliv. Impossible.

Asia. What a mad Risque our Sex runs when we plunge in real Guilt ! what Pangs, what Agonies, what Terrors are the fatal Consequence ! *(aside.)*

Andr. Hast thou Reason, *Gervatio*, for what thou say'st ?

Gerv. I'll serve you all, and, I do not doubt, successfully.
(Bondi within)

Bond. Which Room is the Family in ?

Oliv. I tremble, there's my Lord.

Gerv. Away, Gentlemen, into the Garden agen, stay in the Grotto, I'll be with ye presently, and tell ye all my Designs.

Exeunt Andrea and Fidelio.

Fid. We'll wait you there.

Gerv. Good Ladies, to your Closets, I would talk with my Lord alone.

Oliv. Come, dear *Ariana*, thou art happy in prospect of thy love ; if mine had been my Lot, these Mischiefs ne'er had hapned.

Aria. I wish your mind at peace.

Exeunt Ladies.

Manet Gervatio.

Gerv. Gad I have undertook *Hercules's* labour, but the greater the Undertaking, the greater the Glory in the performance.

Enter Bondi.

Bond. Oh *Gervatio* ! there's no freeing of this Fool to night ; where's my damn'd Wife and Daughter ?

Gerv. Gone to undress themselves.

Bond. There's no body with 'em.

Gerv. None but their Utensils, their Chambermaids.

Bond. *Gervatio*, I hitherto have trusted thee with all the Secrets of my life, shrink not back when I disclose the greatest : My Wife has certainly abused me, her Relations are so numerous, that to expose her I should run ten thousand hazards ; therefore I have resolv'd silently and secretly to take her off by Poison, to stop my Shame and her future Sins.

Gerv. If it be so, my assistance shan't be wanting ; but, Sir, the Case is weighty, the Breath of life blown out, Repentance cannot kindle the dead Coal agen.

Bond. That's true, but I am by all her wanton Carriages convinc'd, besides a thousand Circumstances, she's guilty.

Gerv.

Gerv. Well, more to confirm your Suspicion, I must confess I heard 'em appoint a meeting in the Garden about some three hours hence.

Bond. Oh, damn 'em, damn 'em.

Gerv. From the Balcony we may overhear and discover new Cause for your Revenge, or else find her innocent.

Bond. Innocence! 'tis not in the Sex, *Eve* lost it when she lewdly listen'd to the Fiend, and intail'd her guilt on her Posterity.

Gerv. Have patience, and your own Ears shall either acquit or condemn her.

Bond. Nay, my Eyes have seen enough already. Well, *Gervatio*, I trust to thee, and will be ready when you call me.

Gerv. Your Lordship ever found me faithful.

Exit Bondi.

If I do deliver these Ladies from all their Fears, I ought at least to be esteem'd a Knight Errant, and have it inscrib'd upon my Tomb;

Here lies a most puissant Hero:

Pox on't, what will rhyme to *Hero*? No, it shall be thus:

*The generous Gervatio here lies dead,
To whom for Aid distressed Damsels fled.*

Ay, ay, that will do: Now for my Garden-Sparks, my Instruments are Lords.

Exit.

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T V.

S C E N E a Garden.

Bondi and Gervatio appear in the Balcony, a Curtain to draw.

Bond. **T**hey are not come yet, but I'm sure they will, for my Tormentor seem'd very uneasy, and full of I thought. *(Olivia and Andrea meeting.)*

Gerv. See, my Lord, they both appear.

Bond. Contagion seize 'em, Mildews and Blasts destroy her Beauty, stamp her Face as deform'd as her Soul, for, a Plague on her, she's too handsome now.

Gerv. Nay, my Lord, if you are thus passionate, they'll hear us.

Bond. Hilt, I have done.

Andr. Madam, I come to wait on your Commands, which, how strange soever, blindly I obey.

Bond. A Pox of your Complaisance.

Gerv. Pray, my Lord, be silent.

Bond. I am, I am.

Andr. When your Duty to your Father took you from my Wishes, and gave you to the noble Bed of *Bondi*, great were my pangs; I struggled hard to conquer Love's fierce Fires, and turn 'em into Friendship's lambent Flames; strong was the Contest, yet I overcame, and now can boast a Friendship to you and your Lord.

Bond. Pho, this is Dissimulation.

Gerv. Hear 'em out, I am sure they see not us.

Oliv. I knew your Friendship pure, else I had never trusted you so far; but my Designs are ended now, and my Lord grows very peevish; lest your coming should offend him, I beg you would forbear the House, or any Opportunity of speaking to me.

Andr. Madam, I will even in this fulfill your pleasure; but you was pleased to promise, when you made that odd Request, I would in appearance seem your Gallant, that you would some time tell me the reason of that innocent Deceit.

Bond. How's this?

Oliv. I did, but 'tis a Secret, and I must have your Word and Honour, that neither Friend nor Foe extort it from you.

Andr. I give you both, nay, upon my Soul I will not utter it.

Oliv. Then know my Lord was never blind.

Andr. How!

Bond.

Bond. Ha, *Gervasio*?

Gerv. Sure she's a Witch.

Oliv. What is hid from loving Eyes? tho' all the world believed it, I perceived the contrary, and often urged my Husband, tho' not plainly contradicting what he said, yet round about he might perceive I guess'd at it.

Gerv. Did my Lady ever hint she thought you not blind?

Bond. At first she was damn'd iquisitive, which I still thought she did for her security in sinning.

Gerv. It sounds like truth: But hush, they go on.

Oliv. Methought I had no Comfort of my Life, whilst my dear Lord but seem'd under that Affliction; besides, Heaven knows, I fear'd a real Judgment might befall him for his Counterfeiting, and so I plaid a thousand tricks with you, thinking his Love so strong that he could not bear to see, and pretend not to see another invade his right in me? This is the story, and this was my design, but my Lord by his own Contrivance now is himself again, and I renew my request to see you no more, for considering past Actions, your sight makes my Husband uneasy. When I find him in a good humour I will acquaint him with my guiltless project.

Andr. And if he is not displeased I may hope to continue in the Enjoyment of your Friendship.

Oliv. Of that hereafter, but my Lady *Tempt youth* I resolve to avoid, because she knew not the bottom of my design, yet was so free to forward it, my Lord your Servant.

Andr. Madam, yours; on this fair hand let me wish you everlasting Happiness.

Oliv. Remember 'tis your parting kiss, and this indeed your eternal leave.

(Speaking softly.)

Andr. My Love must mitigate that rigour, besides, our Friend *Gervasio* has Imployment for me in the House.

Oliv. By all my dangers (which I hope are past) I will no more endeavour or consent to see you. Farewell.

(Exeunt severally)

Gerv. What think ye now, my Lord?

Bond. Faith, I know not what to think, were I sure you have not betray'd me, there may be some truth in't.

Gerv. Who I, my Lord? Upon my life not I, why your Lordship knows I never could abide the Ladies; how many times have I made you angry with 'em. I'm sure they hate me.

Bond. That's true; if she forbears his sight I'll forbear my revenge, tho' the Letters and the Kines grumble in my Gizard still.

Gerv. Pshaw, only to carry on her Plot.

Bond. Well, I'll believe it if I can, 'twill be most for my ease I am sure— Come let's in, I'll write to the Duke for this Scribbling Lord, tho' in troth I am almost ashamed to appear in't.

(Exit Bondi.)

Bond.

Gov. Go thy ways Don *Credulom*; my drubbing will be reveng'd at last.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE, a Prison.

Enter the Lord Insulls, Lady Tempt youth, Lucinda, and a Keeper.

La. Tempt. You see my Authority.

Keep. Yes, and obey it; the Prisoner is at your Service.

La. Tempt. My Lord, your Lordship's humble Servant.

Inf. O Heavens! your Ladiship and that brightness see me in this vile Condition, I don't believe I have a Grain of Powder in my Wigg, the Villains that took away my Papers took my Mirrour also, because 'twas set in Gold, now I could wish my self in the darkest Dungeon rather than appear such a Brute before those resistless Eyes.

La. Tempt. Alas, poor Girl, I am sure she never did any thing of this Nature before, but she received such a vast respect for your Lordship; your behaviour carries in it a shining Complaisance so much above our dull *Venetians*, that no wonder it touched a tender Breast.

Lucin. I would serve the *French* if I met with any of the Nation in the Person of a Labourer or Beggar, and sure when a Cavalier is in Affliction, who may justly boast of all the Accomplishments of mankind, 'twill excuse my breaking the strict rules of Decency in giving him a visit.

Inf. I am Transported, such sounds are only fit for Angels to hear, Mortals cannot bear the Joy.

La. Tempt. Nay, she has brought you a Present too, and I hope a welcome one, your Liberty.

Inf. No, the Lady has brought me everlasting Chains, by the Muses (Confound the Oath, I cannot leave it) I'd not leave 'em to be free as Air.

Lucin. What means your Lordship, I am sure I begg'd your Freedom heartily of my Uncle, the Duke.

Inf. But your Eyes teach my Heart the pleasing Bondage, which I desire to Triumph for ever. Gad I say abundance of fine things. (*Aside.*)

Lucin. Your Lordship forgets, 'tis not *Ariana* you are talking to.

Inf. No, if it were, every word shoud stick in my Throat, she a dull Insensible, no Mein, no Air, no Song, no Dance, nothing agreeable.

La. Tempt. Oh, the abominable Fool! how he describes the prettiest Creature Nature ever made. (*Aside.*)

Lucin. Your Lordship cannot be in earnest.

Inf. By the Infernals, (Ay, they'll do me less harm than the Muses) But vast Fortune if I had married her, which now I never will: 'Twas for her that my Equippage might have been the finest at the Court of *Versailles*:
My

My Coach drawn by six Barbs, six Blacks to every Horse. The poor Creature my Wife I'd have confined to the Country with a pair of broken winded Jades and an old Fashion'd Chariot.

Lucin. I don't like your usage of a Wife my Lord.

Inf. She has us'd me ill and deserves such a return, but if your Ladiship would think me worthy, Heavens! you shou'd shine the Glory of *Versailles*; The Barbs be yours, and I the humblest of your Slaves. How fine is that, the Prison sure inspires me.

(*Aside.*

La. Tempr. Nay, I can't excuse *Ariana*, for I doubt she had more than a Finger in this troublesome business, but my Girl's too young to think of Love, tho' I wish she had never seen your Lordship; I know not what time may produce.

Inf. Pardon my Presumption; I had not broke upon the Lady so abruptly, but I am prest upon by Fate, my Father to morrow arrives at *Venice* expecting me to marry *Ariana*? Cou'd I have hoped such Happiness as to have chang'd my Destiny and fixt here where all my wishes tend, my Father might storm, but 'twou'd not be in his power to alter it.

Lucin. Oh Heavens, such a concern ventur'd on so suddenly wou'd kill me with the Apprehension.

La. Tempr. Come, let's leave this detested place and go to my House, there we'll consider further.

Inf. I wait on you, Madam, with unexpressible thanks for this Favour: I hope I shall hear of my people, that I may once again appear like a Man of Quality; not like a Rat shut up in a hole. I profess I am scarce fit to touch that fair hand.

La. Tempr. But indeed you are, my Lord! *Lucinda.*

Lucin. My Mothers Commands, my Lord.

(*Gives her hand.*

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Bondi's House.

He at his Table Sealing Letters, two Servants.

Bond. This to the Duke, this to *Gonsalvo*, I hope they'll consider my Lord's a Fool, and release him: He make the Libel! I found by his discourse he made it no more than I did.

(*Exeunt Servants.*

He's foolish 'tis true, but then he is rich and the fitter for a Husband.

Enter Olivia, and Ariana weeping.

Aria. Oh, Sir!

Oliv. Oh, my dear!

Bond. What's the matter with the Women?

Oliv

Oliv. Alas, d'ye hear no noise in the House?

Bond. Noise, what noise, not I.

Oliv. Why all your Moveables are seizing: Two Priests with Officers walk o'er the House, nor will they be controul'd, proudly they march along and break open all the Locks, set down your Plate, your rich Hangings, and every thing of Value, my dressing Plate that was my Maiden Treasure, that's down too; Oh, oh.

Aria. Nay, as much as my Gold Bodkins, and all the Jewels I have on: I shall be a rich Laïs now! Oh, Heavens.

Bond. Ye amaze me, what can be the meaning on't?

Aria. They'll tell no body, but seem to have great Authority.

Bond. I am at my Wits end. Where's *Gervatio*?

Enter Gervatio.

Aria. Here comes the sorrowfull Man.

Gerv. Oh, that ever I shou'd live to see this day! such Havock, such Waste there will be of my dear Masters Goods, wou'd I were dead out of the sight on't.

Bond. Why *Gervatio*, is all the World mad? What is the reason of all this Outrage?

Gerv. I know not, but your Enemies are at my heels, I suppose they'll acquaint you: Here they come, my Lord.

Enter Count Andrea, and Fidelio, disguis'd like Friars, and their Servants like Officers.

Bond. Has Heaven nothing but Afflictions for this aged Head! Reverend Fathers what have I done to deserve such Usage.

Andr. Officers give us the Inventory and retire: We will yet, respecting his grey Hairs, conceal his shame and crimes as much as possible: Brother will you lay the Enormous fault open before his hardned Soul.

(Exeunt Officers and Ladies.)

Fid. Your Eloquence will do it more feelingly Brother.

Andr. Excuse me, indeed your Capacity is largest.

Fid. Pardon me, I am weak, very weak, compar'd to you. *(Bowing to one another.)*

Bond. Ah, the Devil take ye both and your Civilities. *(Aside.)*

Andr. Then according to my poor Ability.

Bond. How I am tortur'd. *(Aside.)*

Andrea Coughing } Melito Bondi, Thou stand'st accused before the Duke and Hemming. } Senate, and his Holinesses Nuncio, for such a grand Deceit, for a Crime of such a Nature, so black in it's Root, so wide in its Branches, the Parent a lie, the Daughter's Hypocrisie, Dissimulation to the highest degree even to Perjury: Brother be pleas'd to discuss.

Bond.

Bond. What will become of me.

Fid. Well, may'st thou tremble, old man, who durst affront Heaven in Counterfeiting blindness.

Bond. Ah, Lord !

Gerv. Ah, we are all undone.

Fid. But as one Crime seldom fails to pull a greater on, in thee, lost man, we find the dire proof of all that's ill ; to restore this sight which Heaven knows was never lost, *Silvester's* Sacred Girdle must be fetched, and a Miracle pretended ; but know the Saint needs not by your studied lies, addition to his well established Glory, since the curst fallity has been broached, he has rous'd him in his Peacefull shrine and waked the Convent with his cries, *Bond's* a dissembler, *Bondi* has done me wrong, *Bondi* must be punished.

Bond. Worthy Fathers, behold at your Feet a Penitent, have pity on my lost Estate.

Fid. Rise, and hear us out ? Brother, proceed.

Andr. For this Crime the Senate have decreed, the Nuncio too concurring, that thou *Adelito Bondi* be straight Devested of thy Lands and rich Possession, thy Moveables, thy Debts, and whatsoever's thine Confiscated to the State, thy self still to remain a Prisoner for life.

Fid. The doom is mild and merciful, if thou hadst fallen where the Inquisition Reigns, through what variety of Torments must you have past, and for conclusion, died : Brother, will you urge any thing further.

Gerv. Good Reverendissimo's, let me beg you cease, see my poor Master is just expiring under the severity of your censure : your selves, I am sure, want refreshing too.

Fid. Truly my Spirits are exhausted.

Andr. I do perceive mine evaporate.

Gerv. Within I have prepared something to sustain nature.

Bond. Let me entreat ye Fathers to accept it.

Andr. Shall we venture to eat the Viands of the Hypocrite.

Gerv. For that matter I'll be your taster, pray walk in.

Fid. My Stomach calleth upon me to venture : Old Gentleman, we shall quickly return and examine your Papers.

Bond. What you please, I am humbled to any thing.

Fid. (Complementing about the way) Nay Brother, that will not do.

Andr. Upon my Veracity you shall.

Fid. By my order I won't.

And. That's Sacred ; then I must.

(Exit *Gerv.* and *Friars.*)

Re-enter Oliva and Ariana.

Oliv. How have you come off, my Lord.

Bond. E'en stript of all, naked in my old age, as when I first peep't in this wic d world.

G

Aria.

Aria. Ah me, Unfortunate.

Bond. Unfortunate indeed, bred high and not worth a Drachma, I doubt that handsome Face will tempt you to make the best on't *Ariana*, and rather than live poorly Sacrifice thy virtue.

Aria. Think better of me, I'll die first.

Bond. Why, that's well said, as for my Wife, she I fear, has learnt her Trade already.

Oliv. Why must I suffer all these unkind suspicions?

Bond. Nay, I forgive thee, be it how it will; and thou shalt hear of it any more from me.

Oliv. Shall we go and intercede with these cruel Men.

Aria. I kneel, and beg, and pray as long as I can speak for my poor Father.

Bond. Ay, you are wondrous kind.

Oliv. Come, let us try our power.

Bond. Hold, ye Fools, did ye ever know or hear of an *Italian* Priest let go his prey; no, no, my long hoarded Wealth is got into *Hucksters* hands, I may e'en bid farewell to all my possessions.

Enter Gervatio.

Oh, *Gervatio*, my Foes I know are still inexorable, and my ruin resolved.

Gerv. Yonder they are Nuckle deep in Sweet-meats, and have the best Wines the world affords before 'em, yet I perceive no signs of mollifying: My Lord, I would in private tell your Lordship what I have thought on.

Aria. If you please, Madam, we'll in and do all we can wish for my Father's deliverance.

Oliv. Ay, most heartily.

(*Exeunt Oliva and Ariana.*

Bond. Ah, *Gervatio*.

(*Looking sorrowful upon one another.*

Gerv. Alas, my Lord.

Bond. But who may I thank for all this, who was at the bottom of the blind Contrivance that has ruined me.

Gerv. And pray who would have thought a dead Saint would have disturbed himself with telling tales.

Bond. Ah, I rather fear 'twas living Devils, 'tis no matter, I have resolved in my Afflictions to submit to every thing, and neither quarrel nor complain, though I discover thee and the Wife of my Bosom, two Serpents.

Gerv. A resigning Will is a great blessing; for my own part, I am sure the Innocence of a Dove is upon me, towards your Honour, even at this time, when you are suspecting me, my poor Brain is in Labour for your good.

Bond. There's neither help nor hope remain.

Gerv. Yet we may make the best of a bad Market.

Bond. My folly appears so plain, I am ashamed to apply my self to the Duke and Senate.

Gerv.

Gerv. I meant not so, that must be done hereafter, but you know my Lord, these Harpies have not yet examined your Papers, I am sure they are tied by the Teeth for stirring one while : now if you dare trust me I can take out Bonds and Mortgages, to the Sum of fifty thousand Crowns, get it settled first upon my young Lady *Ariana*, yet not let her know it, then it can give her no encouragement for disobedience.

Bond. I thank thy care, *Gervasio*, and will instantly put them into thy hands, but, dost hear, let the Lawyer put in some doubtfull Clause, that if I shou'd by any means escape, I may re-assume my Right and Title to it again.

Gerv. I warrant you, my Lord, tho' her name secures it from the Law, she shall be ne'er the better for it.

Bond. Come, make haste.

Gerv. My Lord, that way you'll meet the *Moscabires*.

Bond. (*Starting*) My Woes distract me, I scarce know where my Closet is.
(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Oliva and Ariana.

Aria. So, *Gervasio* has work'd him to his Ends, 'tis a lucky fellow I protest, I hope Heaven will forgive me for consenting these tricks should be plaid with my old Father, since my end is honest and for the sake of my *Fideliq*, who merits more than I can obtain for him.

Oliv. Why, the Sparks did it rarely, but I am sorry Count *Andrea* has an opportunity of seeing me again.

Aria. Pho, there's no harm in his sight, you should not fall too hastily from one degree to another.

Enter Count Andrea and Fideliq, in their own Cloathes.

Here comes the Reverendissimo's, as *Gervasio* call'd them : Does the Wheel of Affairs run smooth.

Fid. Upon Carpet ground my life, *Gervasio* has pick'd all the best of the Bonds, Mortgages, &c. and is gone to an Eminent Lawyer with 'em.

Aria. What have ye done with my Father.

Fid. Made bold to imprison him in his own Closet, where he must remain during our Royal Pleasure, and now, Madam, it rests wholly in your generous breast to compleat my Happiness ; *Gervasio* has secured the Chaplain ours, if you consent not to what indeed makes me giddy with the vast Joy, giving me your Beauteous self, this very moment some sinister accident in all probability will ruin our designs.

Oliv. Nay my dear *Ariana* you have gone too far now to shrink back, come we'll be witnesses.

Aria. Well, *Fidelio*, I will venture on this Bag-bear-Marriage, but if thou shouldst prove ungratefull after all my obligations, what punishment dost thou deserve.

Fid. To be despised by the World, proclaim'd a Coward; and what's yet greater be hited by you.

Andr. Whilst I behold another's Happiness, my wretched self am banished for ever from what my soul admires.

Oliv. How do ye know 'tis for ever young Gentleman? I may out live my Lord, then a brisk Widow weigh'd down with Bags, oh, 'tis an excellent Cordial for the younger branch of a Family.

Andr. Ay there is comfort in that thought, if you wou'd in the mean time allow me to see you; nothing less will preserve my life till the rich Cordial comes.

Oliv. To preserve my own I must deny that, for *Gervasio* tells me, my Lord was growing up to great extremities; your forbearance of any sort of address, I shall esteem as a proof of your affection, but whilst we are idly talking here, *Fidelio* views us with impatient Eyes, and longs to have his Joys secured; the Marriage over, I must beg your Lordship to retire, I would not have my Husband see you for the world.

Andr. Howe'er unwilling, those commanding Eyes; tell me I must obey.

Fid. Come, *Ariana*,

*The Priest our hands, but Heaven our hearts shall join,
And endless raptures Crown me when I call thee mine.*

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lady Tempt youth, Lord Insulls, and Lucinda.

La. Temp. Well I never thought any Mortal cou'd have prevailed with me to have parted with this dear Girl at so short warning, and without more consideration, but your Lordships merit is irresistible.

Ins. I am blest in possessing her, punish me with the beastly Garb of the Vulgar, if I would be unmarried to be an Emperour. This visit is in Triumph to let proud *Ariana* see what an excelling Beauty has made me happy. O my dear Cherubin, I can't but think how the Court of *France* will admire my choice.

Lucin. Shall you like that.

Ins. Cover it; I hope, Madam, you will rob the Ladies of all their Sparks, and the whole Gallantry of the Court be made to you.

Lucin. Nay, if your Lordship Glories in my Conquests, fear not, they shall be numerous, I never fail'd when I endeavour'd it.

Ins. That's true, for my hearts your prize, which, by the Muses, is a Trophy not to be despised.

Enter

Enter Gervatio, with Parchment in his hands.

La. Temp. Gervatio, where's the Ladies.

Gerv. Faith, Madam, my young Lady is committing Matrimony, I believe, that sweet meat that's commonly attended with sowre sawce.

La. Temp. Is she so, much Joy I wish her.

Gerv. I must to my old Master, get him to set his hand to these, and then I think this head has brought wonders to pass. *(Exit Gerv.)*

Inf. Who is my Rival, some ill-drest Fellow I'll lay my life on't.

Lucin. Even that robust piece of rudeness that accosted your Lordship so odly, Count *Fidelio*.

Inf. He, he, he; they are well matched, by the Muses, I believe neither of 'em understand the *French* way of dressing so well as the Groom of my Horses, he, he, he.

Lucin. *Ariana* always ridicul'd it, which has often broke Friendship between us.

Inf. Heavens, if I had married her, what a world of labour wou'd it have cost me to have modell'd her for the drawing room at *Versailles*, whilst you, my dear, at first sight will appear the abstract of Perfection.

Lucin. My Lord, you make me blush, but I shall now take unusual care in my dress, that your Lordship may think me agreeable.

Inf. Happy man, happy man, as ever put on the yoke of Matrimony.

Enter Oliva, Ariana, and Fidelio.

Fid. Ha, my Lord *Insults*, your very humble Servant, this is too transporting an hour to remember anger, now the dear *Ariana's* mine, our Quarrel dies.

Inf. I wish you Joy with her, I am provided as much to my satisfaction, be pleased to know the Duke's Neice for my Wife.

Aria. *Lucinda*, the Dukes Neice.

La. Temp. *(Aside to Ariana)* Hold dear *Ariana*, spoil not this day's Mirth with a discovery, he'll know it soon enough; besides, I'll make thee, poor Girl, worth more than that Fool deserves.

Aria. I beg your Pardon, I am dumb.

Madam, we must humour the greatness it seems.

(to Oliv.)

Oliv. With all my Heart.

Inf. This is their *Venetian* breeding to whisper half an hour: Poyson me, my dear, if the very sight on't is not enough to spoil a Man.

Oliv. Joy to your honour, I thought you wou'd not have ventured to have changed your condition so suddenly.

Inf. Your Ladyship might consider the Man, and that would take your Wonder off.

Fid. Was ever any such Vanity.

Enter

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Enter Bondi, and Gervatio.

Bond. Then you say you've obtained I may walk about my House till further order.

Gerv. Yes, my Lord.

Bond. (*See the Company*) Heyday, who have we here, nothing but meeting and revelling, this is a time indeed for Mirth!

1st Inf. Old Gentleman, I am married, but not to thy Daughter, and for that reason will be merry in spite of thy beard.

2^d Futa (*Ariana kneeling*) And I am married to her, and for that happiness shall be for ever joyfull.

Bond. Trick'd, Rein'd, Undone; hold, not ruin'd neither, he has ne'er a Drachma, nor none he shall have.

Gerv. Then I must interpose; if you have no Bowels for such a sweet young Couple, I have had; my Lord *Fidelio*, here's the value of fifty thousand Crowns, ~~come~~, that will make a shift till the old man pops aside, or something better happens.

Bond. Betray'd by *Gervatio*, I will run mad, I will grow distracted quickly.

Oliv. My Lord, if you did but see how ill such starts of passion suit your age, sure you would forbear.

Fid. Think, my Lord, my want of fortune may be made up in tenderness towards your Daughter, and duty towards your self.

La. Temp. Come, come, my Lord, the Senate, no doubt, when they see him married to *Ariana*, will honour him with places of trust and profit, a rising Man seldom wants a hand to help him higher.

Bond. Let me consider, all in this room have been my Foes, I think, every individual Person, for what cause, even because I have been a cross stingy old Captious fellow, but henceforth I'll throw it away as fast as the best of ye; Alas, I had forgot, I have nothing but Misfortunes, and am a wretched Prisoner Condemned to Shame and Poverty.

Gerv. All those afflictions I'll take off upon condition you'll forgive your worthy Son and Daughter.

Bond. Do this, and we all are Friends.

Gerv. Then my Lord, be satisfied, the Duke nor Senate know nothing of your deceit, 'twas only a Contrivance of your humble Servant to oblige this young Lord and my Charming Mistress.

Bond. Well, thou hast proved a great Rogue, but I'll keep my word.

Fid. Then I hope we shall not kneel again in vain.

Bond. No, take my Blessing, and as you prove, an Addition to her Fortune.

Fid. I have all my heart covets.

Aria. And

Aria. And my future life shall make amends for venturing once to disobey my Father.

La. Temp. Now all's well, I hope the Musick I ordered will come that we may conclude our Joys with a Dance.

Inf. By all means, let us have Musick that I may have the pleasure to see my *Lucinda* trip like a Fairy.

Oliv. My Lord, as this is a general Jubilee, I hope I shall partake it, and heart burnings being laid aside we henceforth may live more quietly.

Bond. Yes, yes, according to your deportment, thou hast been ! Uh, uh, but I have promised to say no more.

Fid. Gervasio, I will always call thee Friend, and serve thee with my Life and Fortunes.

Aria. Nor will I forget to esteem and reward thee.

Gerv. I hope you will say I have proved a well-meaning man to all, and my old Master forgive me.

Bond. Aye, aye, that I will for fear thou shouldst play me any more tricks.

Lucin. Here's the Musick.

Dance

Bond. Now let's in and taste a Glass of Wine, I want some comfort after all my frights.

*And may my Fate to each a warning give,
How they e'er love or practise to deceive ;
For tho' they prosper and their Cheats believ'd
With ease you see deceivers are deceiv'd,*

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss *Bradshaw*.

*I'm sent a small Embassadress for Grace,
If there was power in such a Childish face :
Who knows but artless innocence may move,
And looks unpractic'd sometimes catch your Love.
Suppose it so, 'tis now, alas, too late,
Your liking me wards not the blow of fate.
A begging Epilogue's a despairing Case ;
'Tis asking mercy when the doom is past.
Part of this Play though stoln was lately shown,
And what was once expos'd to this Lewd Town
Tho' 'twere improv'd with you 'twill scarce go down.* }

And what has been unjustly risted spare;
 For my sake use her kindly once again,
 Pray do, you good natured, fine, pretty Man,
 Come, I shall grow a Woman e'er 't be long,
 'Tis but a little while we are too young;
 And if Heaven on my youth does Charms bestow,
 I'll lay out all the stock in pleasing you.
 Let our wrong'd Author in your Favour shine,
 And when you wish it, you shan't fail of mine.

EPILOGUE:

Design'd for Mr. Verbruggen.

NOW Britain's raging Wars are at an end,
 Cæsar adorns the Thrones he did defend;
 Eternal Peace is fix'd, and all things smile,
 To Crown the happy blessings of our Isle:
 From hence, we have encouragement to expect,
 The Stage with nobler offerings shall be deck'd;
 For in past Ages Peace did Wit create,
 And Poets flourish'd equal to the state.
 'Twas when the great Augustus rul'd in Peace
 And all mankind from him enjoy'd a sweet ease:
 Ovid's soft genius first began to please.
 'Twas then the Lyrick Horace, Son of Fame,
 Compil'd his works, immortal as his Name,
 Soft ease and quiet fancy did infuse,
 And Rome's blest state gave Birth to Virgil's Muse.
 Oh, may our state like that produce such Men,
 That from the crop of their luxuriant Pen,
 Succeding Ages may for ever glean.
 Criticks their nature then shall alter quite
 And what they said would damn shall praise in spite.
 Poets no more in humble lines shall sue
 And creep and cringe to shoal applause from you,
 Nor beg for Favour where no Favour's due:
 No more shall sense in fustian lines be lost,
 Nor dullness flourish at the Author's cost.
 Authors shall write with safety unconfin'd
 To Censur'd Nature and restrain'd mankind,
 That thus the Muse may flourish for ever free,
 And thus the Stage may flourish as far as we.



